GOOD'S BUDGET

ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN BOY

"THE PRIZE FIGHTER"

"BOB"

GOOD KNIGHT

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GOOD'S BUDGET

BY GOOD KNIGHT

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TO MY FATHER

At whose request it was written, and to please whom I decided to plan a longer story than self-confidence alone would have prompted me to undertake, I dedicate this little book, hoping that the result of my efforts will give satisfaction to him, and encouragement to other boys, in proportion to the benefit and pleasure I have derived.

GOOD KNIGHT.

PREFACE

After writing the two short stories, "Bob" and "The Prize Fighter", which appear at the back of this book, the young author, Goodwin J. Knight, was encouraged to undertake the writing of a longer story about the Adventures of an American Boy in the Orient, as the study of these foreign countries in connection with his school work and home reading, had aroused especial interest in them at that time. The characters are fictitious and the story imaginary. It was written during the year 1909, and was finished on December 9th, the author's thirteenth birthday.

ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN BOY

CHAPTER I.

Ned Winter lived in the village of Coleville, Idaho. He had three sisters and one brother. He was sixteen years old and in second year of High School, and had always longed to travel. His father, who was a hard-working man, and often found it difficult to make ends meet, worked in a large woolen mill in a neighboring town, not much larger than Coleville. Their home was not yet paid for. George Drake, the village lawyer, who, though rich, was grasping and mercenary, held a mortgage on it for seven hundred dollars, and Mr. Winter had difficulty in meeting the monthly payments. This made Ned anxious to quit school and go to work to help his father.

A few years before this Mr. Winter had invested $2000 in the Alaskan Gold and Silver Mining Company, of which Mr. Drake was president. The stock had slowly gone down to five cents a share and then was taken off the stock exchange.

Finally, one day after having been refused leave to quit school and go to work, Ned asked his father if he might not take a long trip—perhaps around the world. He was laughed at at first, but finally he said seriously, "I think I could pay my own way for the whole trip. It sounds big, I know, but you remember what Mr. Clovis said about the boy who never had a chance to see the world." Mr. Clovis was the editor of the "Boise Times" and an old friend of Mr. Winter's. He had once told Mr. Winter that the boy who was always tied at home would not make much of a man.

For a whole week nothing was said of the proposed trip, but Mr. Winter knew that Ned would not give up trying to go; so he and Ned's mother had many long talks on the subject. Finally, it was decided that, if Mr. Clovis approved of it and thought the plan a sensible one, he might go.

So next morning Ned boarded the train for Boise to see Mr. Clovis. He made his way up to the Times office, got into one of the huge elevators and was whizzed up to the fifth floor. He had to wait some time to see Mr. Clovis, but finally he was ushered into his private office. After the familiar greetings, Ned explained his errand. "It is a very large under-

taking for a boy of sixteen years," said Mr. Clovis, dubiously. "I think I could do it," said Ned, stoutly, "and it would reduce my father's expenses, also." "Yes, I know;" said Mr. Clovis, stroking his chin thoughtfully, "but it is risky. What do your father and mother think?" "They think that I might do it if you approve."

"By Jove, Ned, I tell you what I'll do. I think you can do it, and if you come back with $500 of your own earnings, I will give you a position on this paper. And," he went on, "you might send me stories of your trip and I'll print them and pay you well for them." "Thank you, sir, I will do my best. I think I will start right away to Seattle and get a job on a boat bound for Asia, or some island port." "Why do you like the water so well, Ned?" asked Mr. Clovis. "I don't know exactly—I always imagined I would like the water." "A sailor's life is a hard one," replied Ned's friend. "I don't expect to be on the sea all the time, because I want to see all I can of Asia and the Pacific Islands." "If you need any money while on this trip, just write to me and I will forward it at once. Good-bye, Ned," said Mr. Clovis, extending his hand cordially, "and good luck to you." "Good-bye, sir," said Ned, as he left

the office, not wishing to take more of Mr. Clovis' valuable time. As Ned walked out of the building he felt as if he was walking on air.

The next day Ned went to the bank and drew out all of his money, something like $80. At school the next day it became rumored around that Ned Winter was going away. "Oh, he thinks because he is a good athlete he owns the school," scoffed George Drake, Jr. "He is stuck up because he owns the baseball game. He wears patches in his pants and is a poor, low-down upstart." "I disagree with you there," said Harry Craton, a warm friend of Ned's. "Who are you?" asked George, disdainfully, "you make me tired. Come on, Bob, let's go," he called to another boy, who went with George, not because he liked him, but because he had money. "Those fellows make me tired," said Bob Liton, the toady; "they'll be janitors, probably, when you are in congress." "That's about right," said George, loftily.

Ned drove a grocery wagon after school, and he had to take some groceries out to Mr. Drake's house. He saw George and Bob ahead of him and they also saw him. As soon as they saw him they dodged behind a bank. "I wonder what they did that for,"

thought Ned, but he soon dismissed it from his mind. Suddenly from the same place where he afterwards remembered he had seen George and Bob disappear, a stone whizzed through the air and hit the horse, who, not liking the pain, stopped quickly and kicked the wheel two or three times. "Whoa! Billy, whoa!" said Ned, pulling on the reins, and as he looked around he heard a suppressed snicker, which he thought came from a bank on the side of the road. Getting down he threw the weight out to hold the horse and advanced toward the bank. Arriving at the top he saw George and Bob lying flat. "Well, that was funny, you cowards!" said Ned, trying to keep his temper.

"Who's a coward?" blustered Bob. "You are, if you threw that rock." "I didn't throw it, but I'll make you eat those words." "Come ahead." Bob, who prided himself on being quite a fighter, flew at Ned, swinging his arms right and left. Ned guarded the blows till he got what he thought a favorable opening; then he began swinging at Bob, who was quite tired. He finally hit Bob a hard blow in the chest and Bob fell backward to the ground.

George all this time had looked on, preferring to see how Bob fared before venturing an encounter.

Upon falling Bob had struck a rock and hurt his back, but not as badly as he intimated. "Oh, my back! You've killed me, Ned Winter. I'll have you arrested. Oh!"

"I guess not," smiled Ned. "Do you want to take a chance, George? You are two of the biggest cowards I ever saw."

"Never mind, Mr. Bragg, I'll get even with you yet." "What have I done to you?" "You've hurt my chum, you———!" George stopped because Ned had put his hand over his mouth and the rest of the sentence was lost in looks and muffled sounds.

"Now, if you want to fight, say so. If not, keep your threats to yourself." Ned did not want to fight, but he had long endured the taunts and jeers of George and his "chum" and thought he might as well put a stop to it, so with that he ran down the bank and drove off.

"My, how I'd like to punch his face," said George. "Why didn't you?" said Bob, who was kind of sore because of the treatment he had received. "Oh, that's all right. I didn't want to hurt him," assumed George, now that Ned could be seen a safe distance away.

The two walked along in silence for a while, when

George suddenly said, "His dad owes the old man some money on a mortgage or something like that. I'll try and get him to foreclose, and then my young fighter won't be so spry." "That'll be fine," assented Bob, "but will your dad do it?" "I guess so. Dad's awful tight sometimes, though."

That evening at the supper table, George suddenly broke off the subject of conversation and turning to his father, asked, "Father, Mr. Winter owes you some money, doesn't he?" "Yes, my son, why do you ask?" "Well, er—— (George found it harder to begin than he at first thought) is it near time to collect?"

"No, why?" "Well, you know Ned is very insulting to me and even dared to call me a coward. Couldn't you make him pay right away?" "No. I can, but I do not wish to, so that is settled."

George Drake was extremely disappointed and the next day he asked his father to send him to a boarding-school. He got a prompt refusal and this increased his hatred for Ned all the more.

The next day after school Ned was playing ball with some other boys. George was standing aloof from the others, smoking a cigarette, when a boy at the bat said, "Hey, dudey! I bet I can knock

the cigarette out of your mouth." "Oh, don't hit him; he might evaporate," called Ned. Angered by the shouts of the other boys, George picked up a large stone and threw it at Ned, who ducked so that it flew over his head. "Be careful there, little one, or you'll get hurt," said Ned, warningly. "Oh, is that so. We'll see," and he picked up another stone and threw it at Ned, but missed him this time, also. Ned ran up to George and proceeded to give him a good drubbing, but he received a purple eye in return.

After Ned had made George say that he had had enough, he got on the wagon and went on. As he drove along he began to think how nice it would be if he could earn a larger salary and help his father. He told himself there was nothing to do in Coleville, but why couldn't he leave Coleville, go away and be a sailor (Ned had always hoped he might be a sailor) and maybe get to be the captain of the boat? It was not that Ned wanted to leave home, but because he knew that his father's salary was small and his family rather large, and he decided that if he went he certainly would try a hand at the sea.

Ned's day dreams were interrupted by finding that he had driven two blocks past the house he was going

to. That evening he again asked his father if he could go, and his father simply said, "Yes, if you think you can succeed, all right, and may God protect you." Ned hardly stopped to thank his father, but rushed out of the house and told his friends.

CHAPTER II.

Ned Leaves.

"Now, Ned, take care and don't get in trouble, be honest, and if you run out of money, write us." For Ned had shaken hands with all his chums and friends and was now saying good-bye to his father, mother, little brother Tad and his sisters.

"Good-bye, Edward," his mother nearly sobbed, "and may God bless you. Write to us often and take care of yourself." "Bring me loth of orangeth," lisped Tad. "All aboard," yelled the conductor, loudly, "All aboard!" "Good-bye," said Ned, as he kissed his mother. "I'll write often. Good-bye, father; don't work too hard. I'll bring you some oranges, Tad; and Mary, you a trunk full of cocoanuts, and Katy lots of bananas."

With a creak and a groan the train began to move like a huge serpent. Ned grabbed his suit-cases and

hopped aboard, but he stood on the rear platform and waved while his schoolmates cheered him, and then the school, and then—— the serpent swept around a curve and the station was out of sight. Ned turned and went back into his car. He was glad he could help his father, but it was very hard to leave. A large lump arose in his throat and he looked out of the window a long time. When he looked around he found that he had a seat-mate.

"Fine day," remarked the man placidly.

"Very," acquiesced Ned.

"Going far?"

"To Boise."

"Traveled much?"

"A little."

Ned looked at the man closely. He had heard of pickpockets, and to have his pockets picked when not twenty miles from Coleville would be awful.

He looked at the stranger again and observed that the man was of stocky build. His face a trifle hard, with a firm mouth, large nose and weak gray eyes, would be the character critic's first decision, but on looking again he would see kindliness in those gray eyes and that often a smile dispelled the hard lines of the mouth.

"I am going to Seattle and from there to Australia. Don't suppose you've ever been there?" "No, sir, but I am going——er, I mean I am going after awhile." "I see," said the man, blinking through his glasses. "Beautiful country here, isn't it? Where do you live?" "In Coleville, quite a way back."

The stranger blinked again. "I got on at Streaton —been to visit a friend. Let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Phil. Emery of Melbourne, New South Wales, Australia. If you come to Melbourne—if you come to Australia at all, do come and see us. I have a boy about your age, also a daughter and a wife. We'll be delighted to see you. If you'll excuse me a few moments I will go in the smoker," and the odd little man walked nervously away.

Ned looked at the card that had been thrust into his hands and on it he read the doctor's address in Melbourne. Opening his suit-case he carefully put the card away, because he told himself it might come in handy some day.

In another hour the train reached Boise. Ned ate a bite of lunch and then caught his train for Seattle. The train sped merrily along for an hour or so, when it stopped at a small town to make a slight

repair. Ned got out and walked up and down to stretch his legs. As he neared the last car he thought he saw a man's form lying on the brake beam. Stooping down, he looked under, and was surprised to find himself staring squarely into the eyes of a boy of about his own age.

"Hello!" said the occupant of the brake beam, "Guess I'll stretch my legs a bit, too." The boy cautiously got out from under the car and faced Ned. "Wouldn't lend me a quarter, would you?" he asked suddenly. Ned handed out the required amount. "Goin' to Seattle?" asked the other. "Yes," answered Ned, "are you?" "Yes, if I don't get kicked off between here and there." "I hope that you get there," said Ned, as the train began to move.

After five hours of almost uninterrupted travel the wheezing train reached Seattle. Upon landing on the platform, Ned ran plump into his friend, the rider of the brake beam. As Ned walked up the main street, his new-found friend kept pace at his side. Finally, the latter broke the silence with, "Are you looking for a job?" "Yes, I want to get one as soon as I can." "So do I. Would you mind lending me a couple of dollars? I'll pay you back as

soon as I get work." "I believe you will," said Ned, giving his impromptu friend the money. "We can look together. For my part, I want to get a job on the ocean." "I would, too. My name's Billy Page. What's yours?" "Ned Winter. Do you know of a good rooming-house here?" "Nope—let's look farther down the street." Soon a fairly suitable looking place was found, and Ned engaged a room for two days. The room contained two single beds, and after a small supper at a lunch counter, both boys tumbled into bed. In the morning they ate a lunch-counter breakfast, and then began looking for work, both going to the wharves.

My readers may wonder why Ned did what he did for just a chance acquaintance. The reason was this—on leaving home Ned had resolved not to get homesick, but as he made no other acquaintance than the doctor, a feeling of homesickness stole over him unconsciously.

All the morning both boys looked industriously for a position on a ship, but with scant success. They met at the boarding-house at noon, ate a light lunch and hurried out to look for work again. Ned was beginning to like Billy and Billy was beginning to like Ned. Ned was also getting over his homesick-

ness, he was so busy looking at the large ships and strange scenes, which were all new to the boy born and reared in the country.

The following day was the same, and at night Ned put in an hour writing home. The next day at noon Billy came into the little lunch-room where Ned was waiting for him, very much excited. "I've got a job, Ned! I've got a job!" "What doing? Where?" "In a big down-town department store. It's only nine dollars a week, but that's better than nothing." "You bet! Maybe I'll get one tomorrow." "I hope you do."

But Ned was doomed to disappointment. There seemed to be no work at all, and that night he came home tired and discouraged. After supper he was aware that he had a splitting headache and he left the house, thinking that the night air would help him. He walked on toward the wharves, little thinking in what direction he was going. Finally he emerged from his abstraction, finding himself down by the wharves and warehouses. What was that he heard! A bell? There must be a fire somewhere. He ran in the direction of the sound, turned a corner and saw a heavy fire engine dashing headlong down the street, ringing the bell every step. Led

by the common instinct of a boy, he followed the fire engine. Straight ahead he saw a red glow outlined sharply against the starless sky. He arrived at the fire nearly breathless. In his hard exertions from running his headache had disappeared. A large crowd had gathered in the street, and intermingled in the crowd Ned noticed half-dressed men, women and crying children—refugees who had rushed out of the stricken building, glad to escape with their lives.

"What kind of a building is it?" asked Ned of a man near him. "Hotel and apartment house, I believe."

As Ned looked at the horrible spectacle he shuddered, not because of the night air, but because he stood there watching a super-human monster engulfing the hard-earned savings of people—probably all they have, and tomorrow these people must start life anew, begin all over again. "And why?" Ned asked himself. Here were men—hundreds of them, standing grave and awed by this monster fire. These men were powerless to interfere, and as Ned looked again he felt sick all over and faint.

Suddenly his musings were interrupted by a cry coming from the burning building. Again he in-

stinctively ran towards it. As he did he saw for just a moment through a thick volume of smoke a man, pale dishevelled-looking, standing at a window on the third floor.

The man vanished again quickly as the flames receded, but another huge tongue of flame sprang up, illuminating the scene.

"Here, boy," said a fireman, hoarsely, "you're light; won't you climb the ladder and bring that man down?" The voice seemed to be pleading. "Won't you?" it said again, "time's precious—hurry. The top ladder's half burned—hurry! It won't hold two men. Here's a wet cloth. Put it around your nose and mouth. Hurry!"

Ned sprang up the ladder nimbly. As he did so he wondered why the firemen themselves had not gone. As if in answer to his question, he quickly realized that it was his instinct to help his fellow-man that had prompted him to climb the ladder. As he reached the middle of the third ladder he felt the hot breath of the flames as they leaped and danced above and below him. The smoke was thick and heavy and he coughed violently. For a moment he hesitated; then as he heard the cries of the firemen below him he sprang up to the third ladder. Here the flames

were even hotter and the smoke more stifling. His hands and face were scorched and he wondered vaguely if he would reach the third story alive. All things must have an end, and so did Ned's climb.

"Here I am," said a weak voice. What Ned saw was a medium-sized man hanging out of the window, with his eyes closed, looking more dead than alive. "He's fainted," thought Ned, "I must get him down quickly." So saying, he picked the man up bodily and began to retrace his steps. The people were cheering now, but to Ned it sounded faint and far away, and he felt sick and dizzy as he staggered under the heavy load.

Suddenly there was a crack and the ladder gave way. Ned let go of the man. He felt as though he was going down never to stop. The cheering died away suddenly and Ned knew no more. When he awoke he was in a strange room and a strange bed. "Shall I wake him? It is time for the medicine," he heard a voice say. "Yes." Here Ned thought the voice sounded masculine. Presently his head was raised and he was given some medicine, which he quickly gulped down and in five minutes he was asleep.

When he awoke again it was broad daylight. He raised himself on his elbow, but found his hand hurt him badly. Finally he propped himself on a pillow and looked around. Next to him, not three feet away, another man was sleeping. "The man of the fire last night," he thought, "wonder if he was hurt much." The room he was in was not much like his boarding-place, and for a moment he did not understand; then he recollected it all—the fire, the man, the broken ladder. Presently a man entered carrying a small suit-case, which he sat down and then walked over to Ned's bed. "Ah, ha! awake—how are you feeling?" said the man in a big, hearty voice.

"All right. You're the doctor, aren't you?" "Yes." "How long have I slept?" "About twenty-five hours. That was a plucky thing to do, my boy, and you had good presence of mind, too. That's what counts," said the doctor in the same hearty tone. "Where is the man?" "He's right there next to you." Ned looked and saw the man next to him with his hands and face all bandaged up. "Did he fall in the net?" Ned again asked. "Yes, and I'll tell you, the man you saved was about gone when you got up to the window." "When will I be able

to get up?" "Maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day. You were not badly hurt, just burned a little."

The next day Ned learned that the man he had saved was a coaster captain by the name of McLayne, who because of the accident would have to stay in port while his vessel made a trip. A week after the fire Ned was called to the telephone by the man he had saved. "I'd like to see ye, me bye. Won't ye come down and see me?" came over the telephone in an unmistakable Irish brogue. "All right," answered Ned, and ran and took a car for the man's boarding-place. On arriving Ned went up to room sixteen and knocked. "Come in," said a voice. Ned obeyed and found himself in a neatly furnished room in which a man was seated near the window, through which the sun was streaming in delightfully.

"Oh, you're here, are you? Well, come and sit down, me bye—and a brave bye ye are, too." "How are you feeling now?" asked Ned, shaking hands with Mr. McLayne. "I am well now, me bye. I'd like to reward you a little, ye know." "It was nothing. I'd rather you wouldn't," said Ned. "Come, that was a daring thing to do." Ned persisted that he had done nothing, but the strong

willed Irishman in the end made him keep a $20 bill. "And if I ever get a chanst to help ye, me bye, I will," said Mr. McLayne, as Ned rose to go. "Come again tomorrow. It's awful lonesome up here." "I will; good-bye".

Ned Gets a Job.

The next day Ned went to see Mr. McLayne and during the conversation told him of the trip he wanted to take and that he wanted to get a job on a boat.

"I'll tell you what you do. Go see my first officer, Doyle. I'll give you a note to him and he'll put you on as cabin boy." "Thank you ever so much." "Don't mention it, me bye, don't mention it. Give me a piece of paper and pencil and that'll fix ye up."

Armed with the note Ned went to pier No. 6, but no boat was tied there. He felt a strange sinking of his heart at the thought of being without a job. Going up to a sailor, he said, "Could you tell me where the 'Rocket' is?" "Over at pier 8—just went over. That's her on the left with the blue and red flag." "Thank you," and Ned hurried away. Quickly he ran over to pier No. 8 and there he saw the Rocket just about to land. "Make fast,

there," called a deckhand, throwing Ned a rope. This Ned made fast to the dock pile and then stood watching the skillful quartermaster make a landing.

As soon as the ship was tied securely, Ned jumped aboard. "Are you Captain Doyle?" he asked of a large man with an immense amount of gold braid on his cap. "That's me—what do you want?" "Mr. McLayne said I could get a job." "So you're the boy who saved him? Yes, I've got a job for you. Get your traps aboard—we sail tomorrow. Do what the cook tells you, and wait on the officers' mess." So saying, Acting-Captain Doyle turned his back on Ned and resumed his duties.

As Ned went back to his boarding-place, he told himself his job was not very much but it was better than nothing, so he grimly climbed the rickety stairs for the last time, packed his suit-cases, paid his bill and made his way down to pier 8.

The cook, who was a comical Irishman, showed Ned his bunk, and then gave him what he thought was a gigantic pan of potatoes to peel. All day he helped the cook, and when at last he was told he could go to bed he didn't tarry long before going to sleep. Next morning he was stiff, but went to work without a grumble. At seven o'clock the

Captain mounted the bridge, gave two long blasts on the whistle and ordered the engineer to get up steam. Half an hour later Ned was beginning his first sea voyage.

CHAPTER III.

The first day out Ned felt no signs of seasickness and felt quite elated as he went about his work. Next morning, however, just after he had dressed, he felt a slight headache and as he started for the galley, he suddenly became dizzy and made a rush for the rail, where he leaned over the side and felt as though the earth had suddenly turned upside down. All day Ned lay in his bunk, so sick he could scarcely move. The following morning he felt better, and about noon resumed his duties. Two days later they passed the Cliff House at San Francisco, where they stayed till next morning.

Ned stayed with the "Rocket" through five trips, then decided that as he had nearly a hundred dollars, he'd like to go to the Hawaiian Islands. So, when the "Rocket" reached San Francisco, Ned told the captain of his intentions. He was paid for his work, and before leaving he shook hands with the officers

and crew, all of whom had learned to like him.

Ned left the wharves and went straight to a boarding-house, where he secured board and lodging for a week. He now decided to ship on a boat, as he was not as green on nautical affairs and terms as he had been before he shipped on the "Rocket". For a week he searched in vain for a position on a west-bound boat. He then decided to get a job in the city and watch for a boat on which he could get a position.

One day when he was down town he saw a circus parade. With boyish enthusiasm he followed it to the circus grounds, where he spent a good hour watching the animals and circus men. Suddenly he asked himself, "Why not get a job with the circus?" He waited another hour before he got a chance to speak to the manager. "Are you Mr. Donivan?" asked our hero timidly. "That's me, answered a big, red-faced man, who wore a large checked vest, heavy watch fob and large derby—the type of man who knows little and talks much. "That's me," he said, "What can I do for you?" "I thought maybe you needed some help." "H-m! yes, I'll give you a job tendin' ponies. See that tall man with big boots on? He's your boss. You'll get

$7.00 a week," and the man walked away, bellowing orders loudly.

Ned sought the tall man and was given his orders briefly. "These yar ponies," he said, indicating four Shetlands quietly munching hay. "You are to take keer of, go in the parade with, and feed, water and look arter in general; and that's your wagon with the large letters on. Now ye'll have some time to loaf, but don't ye neglect them there ponies." From a boy about his age Ned learned where the food for the ponies was kept, where the men ate, and that they were bound for Honolulu. This statement Ned hailed with delight. He hurried down town, where he got his clothes, paid his bill and departed for the show grounds. He carefully brushed his ponies for the evening performance, and smoothed down his own uniform, which had been presented to him by "Jake", the tall boss.

Ned saw half of the performance the first evening and began to think circus life all a bed of roses. He changed his mind, however, the next morning, when he was routed out of his cot before daylight to do his work. After dinner he went down town, where he wrote his father and Mr. Clovis each a good, long letter. In Mr. Clovis' letter he sent the

first paragraph of his travels. After he had posted the letters, as he had plenty of time, he wandered down toward the wharves, where he stayed until it was time to return to the show grounds to give his ponies the finishing touches before they entered the ring. Having nothing to do after he had eaten his supper, he sought the boy who had been friendly the day before. He told Ned his name was Ray Bronson, and Ned told him his name and why he was taking the trip. "I only wish I had a father to help," Ray said, "my parents died when I was just a youngster." Ned instantly felt sorry for the orphan boy and thought he would like him.

Ray proposed a walk down by the cages. Ned readily consented, and they strolled down past the cages of the cat family and tried to catch the eye of the tawny lion, but were unsuccessful, as a lion will rarely ever look a human being directly in the eye. They wandered on, Ray telling Ned the names and peculiarities of the different animals.

"That's the Prince of India," said Ray, pointing to a large Bengal tiger, who looked at them in dignified silence. "He got out once and nearly killed his keeper before he was caught—just after I joined the show." Here, as Ned looked at the huge

teeth and jaws of the jungle monarch, he experienced a slight momentary nervousness.

"This elephant is Samoii, the most costly animal, I guess, in the show. He's awfully ill-natured; he broke loose once and killed two or three horses and wrecked fences, wagons and anything that stood in his way. Abdo, that little man with the Soudan cap, got on a horse and caught Samoii, merely by will power—so the men say," said Ray "I should think he'd have to have will power to keep that monster in check," said Ned, as he measured Samoii and then Abdo.

Abdo was talking with a large, red-headed man, who appeared at the point of giving the little tamer a licking. Ned and Ray stopped instinctively and watched. The big man walked off, swearing loudly at the elephant keeper that he'd "get even", while the keeper resumed his seat by the elephant.

After Ray and Ned had studied the animals awhile, they went to put on their ponies' tassels and spangles.

Now let us return to Coleville.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning Mr. Blake received a telegram from the Alaskan Mining Company, telling him that the mines were doing extra well. Mr. Blake had been trying to buy Mr. Winter's stock, but the latter had refused to sell, and Mr. Blake knew that as long as Ned could send his father money enough to pay the quarterly interest on the mortgage Mr. Blake held on the Winter home, he would never get the stock. To get the stock would mean thousands of dollars in Mr. Blake's pocket and he resolved to play his highest trump, which was knavery. He made a trip to Boise and got the service of a thug, robber and all round "bad man", instructing him to follow Ned, get him and confine him till he, Mr. Blake, got the stock. He knew that as soon as Ned stopped sending money for the interest, Mr. Winter would sell part of the stock and probably all of it.

It was a bold trick, and the passing thought would be that it was an impractical one, but worse tricks have been performed to secure even less money. Securing information from Mr. Winter as to Ned's whereabouts, on the "Rocket", Mr. Blake quickly sent the "bad man" to San Francisco. Gaines—for this was his name—after arriving in San Francisco

spent nearly all of his money before he located Ned. He then decided to follow the circus and, if possible, join it. So he became acquainted with Abdo and treated him well and then asked Abdo to get him a position. Abdo refused and Gaines saw that if he did not get a position with the circus soon, Ned would slip through his fingers, together with the $500 he was promised on the success of his mission.

All unconscious of who Abdo's angry friend was, Ned went about his work. Ned's ponies performed about the middle of the show. As Ned and another attendant led the ponies into the ring, Ned noticed that Samoii and Abdo were acting. As he delivered his ponies to the ringmaster, Ned noticed a man looking for a seat, who had apparently just entered the show. Ned walked slowly, as he knew it was the same man who had become angry at Abdo that afternoon. Abdo was all unconscious of the man, who now edged nearer the ring. The audience saw just a man looking at the elephant, but Ned knew he was not there to enjoy the show. Suddenly in two leaps the man reached the ringside and drawing something from his pocket, he threw two handfuls of it into the elephant's eyes. Then turning, he ran at top speed in the direction of the dressing tents.

The audience now woke up. Cries of, "What's the matter?" "Police!" "Stop that man!" were heard on all sides. Samoii, blinded by the tobacco (for it was tobacco the man had thrown), gave a terrifying roar, fell back awkwardly and then charged straight for the seats, where fully a thousand people sat stupefied. But suddenly the elephant changed his course and ran straight for the seats near the dressing exit. Abdo, running after the huge elephant, who was moving at the speed of a runaway train, screamed unintelligible things at the charging monster. Ned had watched the scene, stupefied, as had the audience. When he saw the lumbering elephant coming straight toward him, eyes staring, trunk waving, and bellowing and roaring, he felt that the time for either action or death had come. One can do extraordinary things when occasion requires. Looking about him, Ned saw three buckets of water used for emergency in case of fire. Seizing one, he threw the contents at the elephant. Samoii stopped a moment and Ned reached another bucket, which struck the elephant full in the face.

Abdo now reached the elephant's side and struck him sharply with a sharp steel weapon which he

always carried. But even this had but little effect upon the brute. With a great sweep of his trunk he caught Ned around the waist and tossed him this way and that, without loosening his hold. Just as the elephant swung Ned toward the ground, Abdo, with a light spring, landed on Samoii's trunk. With another spring equally as quick the little man from Soudan landed on the elephant's head. All the while Samoii continued his bellowing and roaring. The tent was nearly empty, but here and there breathless groups watched the awful spectacle. As soon as Abdo had reached the elephant's head, he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and began wiping the elephant's eyes, prodding him the while with the short, sharp javelin. The elephant, not yet quieted, though under the powerful will of the Son of the Nile, now began to run at furious speed around the tent. The little trainer crouched low, hanging on to the large ears of Samoii, who ran around about ten times, then lessened his pace and stopped, covered with blood and sweat and breathing in long gasps. At Abdo's sharp command, he released Ned, who was carried unconscious into the dressing tent.

Abdo stayed with Samoii all night, bathing his wounds and eyes. A vigilant search was kept up

for the man who threw the tobacco. Although Abdo had his suspicions, he accused no one, and the affair was passed over, but Ned never went near Samoii again.

The next day the circus left on the steamship "Orient" for Honolulu. The day had been spent in loading the animals and supplies and when, at the last minute, a man with a sack swung over his shoulder jumped aboard, no one noticed him and he would readily have been taken for an afore-the-mast hand hastening aboard at the last minute.

As our readers may guess, this man was none other than Gaines, who had that day received a letter from Mr. Blake, telling him not to lose Ned, and that if he could get possession of him and keep him for three weeks or a month, he would receive $500 more than he had been promised. As this offer was altogether tempting to Gaines, he decided to take a little risk in securing it. Accordingly he jumped aboard the "Orient" at the last minute and hid himself in a lifeboat.

CHAPTER V.

The Stowaway.

The "Orient" was a good fast boat, and the circus hands thoroughly enjoyed the trip, and when the boat anchored in Honolulu Ned and Ray were sorry to leave her.

After playing two weeks in Hawaii, Mr. Donovan chartered the steamship "Princess" to take the show to the Philippine Islands. Gaines had kept his eye on Ned all the time, but saw no chance to get possession of him. One day he met an old friend, a German by the name of Klein. Thinking Klein might be of some help to him, Gaines paid his passage to Manila. Their boat left the day before the "Princess", but as it was slow it would not reach Manila till after the arrival of the "Princess".

One morning, when the islands of Hawaii appeared like blots upon the otherwise sea of nothingness, and the white caps rolled and tossed in merry glee at being warmed by the golden sun as it peeped its head above the eastern horizon, Ned and Ray were walking on deck and remarked on the beautiful quietness that surrounded them on all sides.

"Don't you think it will be awful monotonous on this old ship in about a week, Ned?" asked Ray.

"Yes, I suppose it will be, but we'll have to make the best of it. For my part, I think I'll enjoy every minute of it," answered Ned, as they turned and walked toward the pilot-house, where they stopped and watched the brawny seaman hold the wheel.

True to Ray's prediction, the majority of the circus hands were sick of the monotonous journey in less than a week. The mess-table at which Ned and Ray were seated was not overloaded with dainties, the chief fare being salted pork, potatoes, bread, baked beans and once in a while a pudding.

"Oh! I'd give all my wages for a nice, dainty angel cake, right now," said Ray one hot afternoon, as he and Ned lay under an awning on the deck. "So would I," said Ned. Then they fell to talking of what they'd like to have to eat. Soon they heard someone singing in French. Ray arose and whispered to Ned, "The captain's chef's kitchen is right under us. I have an idea. Wait here—I'll go see if the coast is clear." So saying, he trotted down the scorching deck and soon returned with about twenty feet of stout rope. He leaned down and whispered his plan to Ned, who readily agreed. Just then a couple of sailors began singing and playing on harmonicas on the stern deck. Soon the quarter

deck was cleared till no one but Ned and Ray remained. With deft hands Ray tied the rope to the deckrail, then tightly and securely to his feet, and carefully let himself down head first over the side of the deck.

"Now keep watch and if I give one tug pull me up quickly; if I give two tugs pull me up slowly—that means I've got something; if I give three tugs, let me drop and then yell, 'Man overboard!' Now don't get those signals mixed—all right, let 'er go!" So saying, he disappeared over the side. Ned saw him get his footing and carefully open the porthole of the captain's kitchen. After that he attended strictly to his business and when, after about five minutes waiting, the rope gave two tugs, he began pulling Ray up. It was no easy job and was not accomplished till Ned had two blisters on his hands. Ray untied the rope and hid it while Ned picked up the booty, which consisted of an apple pie, a mince pie and about two pounds of macaroons. They quickly sought a secluded spot and in less than an hour had devoured the spoils. Some of my readers may think this a crime, but I am sure the boys meant no harm and would gladly have paid for the pastry had they been called on to do so.

For two more days Ned and Ray ate pork and beans and ship biscuit and dreamed of fruit cakes and pies. On the third day they made another raid on the French chef's larder and came off victorious, with two pies, a pound of macaroons and a cake. But this could not last forever. One night the chef complained, and the boys decided it would be unsafe to try the delicacies any more.

The voyage became more dreary as time wore on, but one morning land was sighted and the next day the "Princess" steamed into the broad bay of Manila. They had to wait till the marine surgeon came on board and examined the ship. "I'll have to examine your lifeboats." "All right, go ahead," said the captain. After these formalities, the real work of getting ashore began.

The sun shone brightly that morning and the many small crafts dotting the bay added brilliance and movement to the scene. But the boys had no time to gaze on the beauties of Manila Bay, for the circus must be on dry land by the next morning. They soon had their ponies ashore, but they had to help put wagons together and unload hay, grain and some of the many fixtures belonging to a circus. That night the whole circus force roomed at one

hotel. The next morning the tent was put up and the show settled down to stay in Manila for a week.

For three days the two boys visited the interesting parts of Manila and ended up by taking a canoe ride on the Pasig River, when a bit of adventure was experienced by Ned overturning the canoe and giving them both a good ducking.

"Tell you what, Ray," Ned proposed the next morning, "let's get up a picnic among some of the men—all that can get off Saturday, and go over to Iloilo. We can charter a launch and have a great time." "All right—that would be fine. But do you think the manager would let us off?" "I don't know; but you make out the list we want, tell every one he must subscribe toward the launch and lunch, and I'll see the manager." "All right," acquiesced Ray, and he began going over his list of acquaintances and writing the desirable names down, while Ned went off to see the manager. After some arguing, Ned received consent to take twenty men and boys. The date was laid for Saturday, and the launch was chartered. Friday morning the picnickers were notified and gave to Ned the required amount. That evening Ned and Ray went down town and bought

fruit, cheese, canned meat, bread, cookies and some pies and melons.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear—an ideal day for a picnic. The circus hands gathered at the wharf, where a wagon was waiting to empty its appetizing contents into the puffing gasoline launch which was coming down the bay to take the party to Iloilo Island. The men jumped aboard the launch, which was soon puffing off down the bay. Half an hour later the party was landed and the boatmen pushed off, with instructions to be back at five o'clock.

Ned now made the men a little speech, saying that they had come for rest and pleasure and that swimming and running races were to be held, and that the men who caught the largest number of fish would be given a prize. The crowd scattered—some to the beach for bathing, and others shouldered rod and reel and with a comfortable pipe started for the fishing shoals. Ned and Ray went in swimming, but soon dressed and with the help of two men they prepared the lunch. At one o'clock the jolly circus men returned, and under the shade of some palms and the historic ruins of the Moro palace heartily ate their lunch.

While this party gaily feasted, a scene altogether different was transpiring at the other end of the Island. Two men in a small boat were trying desperately to land safely. After trying repeatedly they succeeded and stepped ashore, pulling the boat upon the sandy beach. "Old Drake'll pay for this," muttered the taller of the two. "Vot?" asked his companion, a ruddy, florid faced German. "Nothing, Klein, nothing." The men walked swiftly up the beach and disappeared in the forest. They walked hurriedly and soon came in sight of the palace.

"We'll get him this time and that friend of his, too," said Gaines. "Have you got the dope, Klein?" "Yep." "Well, here's the plan. If that boy with the brown cap sets any food or water down, see if you can't manage to slip the dope in it. In his friend's, too." "All right. Ven shall I start?" "Not now—wait a bit—watch them, it's too risky among that crowd."

Ned and Ray slowly moved with their lunch to the shade of two large eucalyptus trees fifty yards or more from the castle where the crowd were eating. They had come to the soda and melons. They set the bottles down while they cut the melons, and as they did so, Klein stealthily approached and

poured a little white fluid into each bottle, then disappeared into the rank undergrowth.

"Did you do it?" asked Gaines, when Klein returned. "Yep, it vas easy." The men walked rapidly to the beach, boarded their boat and pushed off toward Manila. Klein had retreated just in time, for the boys began to drink their soda again.

After the lunch was eaten the men lay around under the trees, smoked and told stories. "I feel a little bit sleepy, Ned," said Ray, "let's go into the Palace and take a nap." "All right, I'm sleepy, too; I wonder what makes us so sleepy?" "I can't imagine." So the two boys climbed up some old stairs and lay down on some eucalyptus leaves and were soon journeying into slumber land.

Gaines and Klein did not go to Manila, however, but returned and secreted themselves in a tiny cove, where they tied up their boat and indulged in a quiet bottle and "Dick Dare's Strange Adventures; or The Mystic Man." Suddenly Gaines looked at his watch; "five o'clock, Klein; we'd better be moving."

The launch grounded ashore promptly at five o'clock, but Ned and Ray did not appear and a general search was started, but as it soon gets dark in the tropics the search had to be abandoned. The

men would have liked to stay and hunt longer but they were already late for the show, so just as the golden sun began disappearing over the purple-hued mountains, the launch steamed down the bay, and two men steathily climbed the stairs of the old palace. "Take this one first, Klein," said Gaines, pointing to Ned.

They picked Ned up and carried him down the stairs into a room which had evidently been used as a dungeon in the days of the Moro kings. Next Ray was brought down and placed beside Ned. "Now, get the stuff, Klein," said Gaines. Klein withdrew and returned with a large cask of water; then he brought in bread, some canned meat and vegetables; then the two withdrew, firmly locking the door.

It was morning when Ned awoke. For some moments he could not collect his thoughts. Then he waked Ray and they made an inspection of the dungeon. Two small iron-barred windows let in the light and air. The door was of heavy oak, studded with spikes. "We're caught, Ned, that's sure, but by whom? It's my opinion we were drugged."

Ray knit his brows in deep thought, but could not

think of anyone likely to do such a trick, and concluded it must be someone from the circus. As he could arrive at no definite suspicion, he said nothing. "I'll tell you one thing though, Ned. We've got to get out and that pretty quick. We've missed the parade, and durn them lobsters, I'd like to have 'em like that!" and Ray took hold of Ned's collar and shook his fist in his face. "Don't get excited, Ray. Let's see—I've tried the doors and bars, and of course they're locked."

They kicked the door, pounded it with their fists, and threw large stones at it, but it refused to budge from its solid hinges. They next tried to loosen the bars of the windows, but all to no purpose. "It's four o'clock—we must hurry and get out, someway!" "Couldn't we dig under the walls?" "It would take all night to do it and we must get out tonight, but if we don't succeed some other way, we'll go to digging. Meanwhile, I'm going to take this old board and try to knock a bar loose." This also proved useless, and the boys sat down in despair. But Ned soon got up, saying, "The door is our only hope and we must knock it down." So saying, he got a large boulder and threw it with all the force he could muster, and after repeated charges

the boys managed to make the door give a little. "We're getting her, Ned!" "Yep," was all Ned said. They kept right at it, pausing now and then to rest. First Ned picked up a large boulder and threw it at the door, while Ray was getting one, and thus in turn they kept up a steady fire. It was hard work and the boys wiped many a drop of sweat from face and forehead.

"It seems to me, Ray, if we could fix some kind of a battering ram, it would be better." "But we can't—we ain't got no battering ram, so the best thing to do is to smash the lock, and then if she don't give we'll keep right on." Ned looked at his watch and found it to be twenty minutes after five. Just as the sun went down the lock gave way and the door swung open.

They ran down to the beach but the launch had gone, so they built a large fire and fell asleep. When they awoke it was light. The boys looked in vain for a boat and it was not until noon that the launch appeared and they were conveyed back to Manila. They went at once and told their story to the boss. "As your reputations are pretty good, I'll let you off this time, boys," he said, and they thanked him and went about their duties.

The next day was their last in Manila, so Ned and Ray made the most of it in fun and sight-seeing. While hurrying down a side street late in the afternoon, on their way back to the ship, Ned noticed a forlorn-looking dog, a small terrier, following close to his heels. He stopped to pet it and then, with a stamp of his foot, ordered it to "Go back home, now." The dog reluctantly turned back, but when the boys reached the dock Ned heard a pleading whine and looked down into a pair of expressive brown eyes, which were asking as plainly as ever words could, "Won't you take me with you?" Ned examined the dog's collar and found it engraved with the name, "Toby", but nothing by which he could identify the owner, so he concluded that the dog was lost and that he would be justified in taking him. He obtained permission from the captain to take Toby aboard, and the little dog soon became a great favorite with all on board and a great comfort to Ned, when moments of homesickness would steal upon him. The next morning Ned went to the post-office and received a letter from his father, in which he said that a man named Warner had offered to buy his mining stock. Ned thought a long while and then sat down and wrote to his father to hang

on to it for dear life, as he had his reasons. He had always believed that George Drake meant to cheat his father, though he pretended to be Mr. Winter's friend in his efforts to get a home of his own, and gain through his mining speculations. The attempt of some mysterious persons to imprison Ned, followed by the offer for the mining stock, now appeared to Ned to have some possible connection and set him to thinking. He came to no definite conclusion, however, and dismissed the subject from his mind for the time after mailing his letter.

The show packed up that day and embarked on the steamer "Dolphin". "Do you know where we are bound for, Ray?" asked Ned that evening, after their work was done. "No, I don't; let's go ask the captain." The two boys hunted up the captain, asked him, and found that they were bound for Hong Kong, China. "Now, why in the name of Mike is Berry goin' there?" ejaculated Ray. "Well, didn't he make money in Manila? And as his is the first show out, Borough said, 'Go ahead', and I think Berry'll make it pay."

Ray and Ned sat up till midnight. It was one of those hot, tropical nights and there was a full moon. Ned started to sing, "Under the Tropical Moon-

light''. Ray joined in and when they had finished there was a loud clapping in the rear. The boys turned and found quite a crowd of circus hands mixed with the sailors. ''Give us some more, kids. That's fine!'' came the calls of encouragement. The two boys turned in surprise, but seeing no way out of it, sang ''Mandy Lane'' and ''Somewhere'', then ''Under the Tropical Moonlight'' again.

For six days the boat plied her big steel nose into the waters of the Pacific. On the morning of the sixth day land was sighted, and about five o'clock the quarantine officers of Hong Kong came on board, found everything all right and let the Dolphin land her freight and passengers. It took two whole days to land and set up the tent.

The show was to stay at Hong Kong three days, the same length of time at Canton and the same at Peking, the capital.

Some of the more educated Chinese came to the show the first night and there was a fair-sized audience. All the next day Ned enjoyed a visit to the British-Chinese port, and that evening received two months' pay—$48 in all, which he sent to his father, advising him to buy more mining stock if he could. He said he believed the Alaskan to be a valuable

mine and that the price of shares was double what they were reported in Coleville.

While Ned is having adventures and pleasures in foreign lands, let us return to Coleville.

CHAPTER VI.

The Doings In Coleville.

Upon receiving Ned's letter and money, Mr. Winter decided to follow his son's advice, after conferring with Mrs. Winter. So he casually walked up to Mr. Drake's house on Maple Street. He was shown into Mr. Drake's private office. "Ah! Mr. Winter, how are you?" Mr. Drake said in an affable manner. "Good morning. You still have some of the stock left?" "What stock?" answered Mr. Drake in an offhand way. "The Alaska Mining Stock." "Oh, yes, yes; just a moment." He returned from another room with the stock in his hand. "How much do you want?" "Fifty dollars' worth." "Indeed! All right, that gives you just 200 shares." "My, it has gone up!" "Yes—let me see, you had 4000 shares; that makes your present holding 4200 shares."

Mr. Drake took Mr. Winter's money and was about to put the stock in a drawer, when Mr. Winter said, "I think I'll keep it myself, Drake." "Ah—er, just as you say; but oh, Winter, don't you think you had better pay a little—er—on the house, instead of buying stock?" "That's my business, and as long as I pay you every month and the interest, you've no kick coming," and Mr. Winter picked up his hat and strode out of the room.

"By jinks, why does he want that stuff? I'd forgotten all about how much he had. I do hope Pete and Jim bag the youngster. He knows all about the mine, I think. Anyhow, he mustn't testify against me for the Insurance Company."

When Ned was about twelve years old and his youngest sister was very ill, his mother had told him to get the doctor. After calling on the doctor, who said he would come as soon as he could, Ned started to walk home alone. On his way home he had to pass an old house not worth the insurance, and as he approached it he saw a man walk hurriedly across the street. As he did so something shiny fell out of his pocket, but he did not notice it as he walked right on. Ned withdrew some distance and watched him go up to a small pile of shavings and

then fumble around in his pocket. "Where is that matchsafe?" he muttered. He finally found a match in his pocket, but without waiting to watch any longer Ned picked up the matchsafe and ran home. In about ten minutes the fire-bells rang. Ned did not go to the fire, and the next day gave the matchsafe to his mother. It was a common nickle safe, full of matches. Mrs. Winter laid it away and forgot all about it, as had Ned.

George Drake, for it was he who had set on fire this old house which belonged to him, kept the news of his difficulties with the Insurance Company to himself. He had insured the building heavily and wanted full insurance, which they refused to give, though they had paid him part of it. The matter had been dropped for a year and was now being renewed by the Insurance Company.

One day soon after the fire the boys planned to go for a row on the lake, to end with a picnic. They always took matches along, and Ned's mother had given him the matchsafe to use. A man down at the lake asked for a match, and Ned took out his matchsafe and gave him a couple. George Drake, who was standing near, saw the matchsafe and recognized it as the one he had lost that day. Mr. Winter had

told him about Ned seeing a man at the house before the fire, but had said nothing about the matchsafe. This was one reason why Mr. Drake had tried to get rid of Ned, and besides, Ned was always trying to influence his father in downing Mr. Drake.

That night Mr. Drake sat in his fine parlor congratulating himself as the treasurer of the Globe Mills, when the door-bell rang and a messenger boy was ushered in by a servant. "A telegram, sir." "Ah, yes." Mr. Drake tore the envelope open and as he read the message his jaw dropped and he sat down weakly in a chair, paid the messenger and began thinking. If the mosquito, which had alighted on the paper in his hand, had had human intelligence and eyes, he would have read these words:

"Dawson City, July 18th, ——,

"George Drake, Esq.,

"Keep stock—large vein found—buy.

STETSON."

CHAPTER VII.

Ned Has Some Adventures in China and Leaves the Circus.

The show finished its engagement in Hong Kong, packed up and left for Canton. During his leisure

time Ned enjoyed exploring the different parts of the quaint Chinese City. He liked to study the Chinese, their customs and ways of living, and as he wandered about the streets, he bought trinket after trinket until he had a large box of Chinese ornaments, pictures and pieces of bric-a-brac, the most of which he sent home. Sometimes he took Toby, the dog, with him and once he found an American photographer and had a picture of himself and Toby taken to send home.

Ned had noticed a young Chinaman constantly hanging around the show grounds. Finally, on the last day of the show's stay in Canton, he came up to Ned and said, "You get me job," "I don't know—I am not the boss," replied Ned. "You see boss. Me strong. Me been in Amerka two months." "I'll try," and Ned walked away. "You good Melkan—Quong Lee not forget," the Chinaman called after him. That afternoon Ned asked Mr. Berry. "He seems earnest and can talk pretty good English," he said. "Oh, I guess he can come on, if Jake and the boys don't mind. I'll get Jake to give you four more ponies and let the 'chink' learn." "All right, thank you, sir," and Ned went away to find Jake, who was agreeable, if the boys were. Quite a dis-

cussion went on among the men in regard to allowing the "chink" to come in. Finally one said, "If he'll doff his 'chink' clothes and mind his business, we are agreeable."

Ned told Quong Lee, who was overjoyed, but pulled a long face when Ned mentioned American clothes. "Me not got a cash." "I'll lend you some cash. Meet me here in half an hour and we'll get the suit of clothes and hat." Ned finished work and then went with Lee to a second-hand dealer in clothes and fitted him out with underwear, gray suit, felt hat, shoes, stockings, shirt and ties. "How much?" asked Lee. "Ten dollars," answered Ned, "and here's some cash to spend." He handed the celestial ten long strings, on which were twenty pieces of brass money, each with a hole in the middle. This is commonly called "cash", twenty of these pieces making an American cent. They are put on strings, so that they may be carried more easily. A war correspondent came over into Manchuria for the first time and expected to find the money similar to that of any other country, so told one of his escorts to change two dollars-and-a-half into Chinese money, then used in the disputed country. His escort took the money, hurried away and presently returned

drawing a large handcart full of money. The correspondent was astonished. He took some of the money, leaving the rest where it had been dumped, and departed for the interior. When he returned it was gone.

That night Lee went on duty, and worked hard at everything he was given to do. The next morning they started for Peking, playing at some of the towns on the way. They arrived at Peking in two weeks, where they were billed to play for five days. Nothing of importance happened at Peking, and soon the circus packed up again and began a tour of the small villages, using the wagons as a means of transportation.

At Kaku, quite a large town, Ned decided to leave the show. He had been with it nearly four months, and was very tired of circus life. He saw no chance for promotion of any kind, either in wages or position. He told Lee, who pulled a long face. He was enjoying the circus life of three square meals a day, a good bed and some time to himself. "I'm not going for a while, but I am awfully sick of this daily routine," said Ned. "When you think you go?" "In about a week." "I go with you. Don't want to stay with show. You go, I go." "All right;

you see, Quong, the show leaves for India next week. I don't want to go to India—not yet; so I'm going to quit."

So the next week Ned and Quong told their friends good-bye, and departed for Yuen Sing, quite a town on the Hoang Ho. Ned disliked the slow, rickety Chinese train, while Quong thought it a luxury, as he did not often have enough cash to ride on a train. At Chung Kia they changed to a slow river boat, propelled by men with long poles.

On all sides of them were the Chinese junks with their matting sails and awkward hulls. Regular houses were built on some of the boats and children were playing on them. There are so many people in China that they can't all live on the land, so some live on the water.

Ned still had Toby. He was not hard to carry along, and the Chinese looked in wonder at the American boy who paid so much attention to his dog. Some of the Chinese mothers pay little more attention to their children. They have a barrel tied around them so that if they fall in they will float till some one pulls them out. They live mostly on fish and rudely cooked rice cakes. The land Chinese have small gardens, which they call farms, and they

live mostly from them. Workmen in China receive on an average ten cents a day.

"Tell me something about yourself, Quong," said Ned, after they had finished their supper of rice cakes and fish, eaten from home-made Chinese pottery. "Well," said Quong, finally, "I will. The Lee family was once considered high in Lang Feng Wo. My father rich and held the title of Colonel in the army. One day Lem Wong Si, another rich man, come and say my father take money he held for the town. They put up false evidence and my father was hanged. This happened when I was eighteen years old. When I was sixteen my father had sent me to America to study. That's where I learn the language. When I been there two months he wrote me to come home. Just after I get home they hang my father. My mother die. The family scatter. Lem Wong Si take our house, furnishings, everything. He take land, stock, all—and we swear vengeance—my brothers. Lem Wong Si live in Lang Teng Wo now. He got small chair that got paper tell where his cash is." "Yes, I see; this paper tells where your father hid his money," said Ned, considerably interested. "Yes, yes, that's it. Now we meet Wang Ling Lee in Lang Teng Wo and we get

chair, dig money and go away." This was tempting to the youth, so he finally said, "Yes, I'll do it, Quong. I hear they kill Americans in Lang Teng Wo." "Yes, you dress Chinese; play deaf-dumb; they no know." "All right, I'll go. I am going to bed—good-night."

The next morning Ned got up early because he wanted to see as much of the river and boats as possible. After awhile he and Lee got to talking over their plans—when to try and get the chair, where the money might be, their chances of success, etc., when suddenly Ned said, "What can I do with Toby?" "Oh," said Lee, with a look of anxiety on his face, "I don't know—don't know anyone there any more," pointing to Lang Teng Wo. They sat for awhile thinking, when Ned said, "Couldn't we leave him with some American merchant?" "We can try." "You see, Lee, I don't want to lose Toby. I like him very much." "Uh-huh! I see." Quong Lee thought very little of dogs, thinking them good for nothing but to feed—which is true in some cases.

The next morning they reached the Chinese town and at once went to a barber's, for both needed a hair-cut. Then they went and found Lee's brother Wang. Ned was introduced, and, to his surprise,

saw Wang vigorously shaking hands with himself. Soon the brothers began talking Chinese, and Ned knew that they were discussing whether he could be trusted or not. Finally it was decided, and Ned knew that they considered him all right by the looks on their faces.

As they walked along the narrow Chinese street, Ned asked Quong in English why his people always shook hands with themselves when they met a person. Quong explained that it was an old custom which prevailed throughout the land from north to south.

Presently the two celestials began talking Chinese again, when suddenly from up the street there came a shout. Some men were running with whips in their hands whipping the people out for a roadway. Following in the wake of the whipsters, over the road they had made through the mass of humanity, came a carriage drawn by twelve Chinamen. Everyone bowed, including the Chinese friends of Ned. Ned stood upright and the face of a Chinaman was poked out of one of the little side windows of the vehicle. Ned said afterwards that he had never seen such an ugly face before in his life. It was brutal and pig-pish—a peculiar shaped head, large nose and the most piggish eyes he had ever seen in a human being.

On his cheeks and forehead were blotches of red and purple caused by over-eating. Ned saw all this in an instant. Soon the procession passed and everyone arose again. "That's him, the fiend," said Quong to Ned, as soon as the crowd had thinned again. Ned said nothing, but thought that two humble Chinamen and one young American would have a hard time to get anything from so powerful a man as Lem Wong Si appeared to be.

"Pretty big bug, Lee?" "Yes, big—I show you house." Ned did not excite much attention on the street, there being quite a few foreigners in Lang Teng Wo. After a walk of a few more blocks they came in sight of Lem Wong Si's mansion. It was a large house with stables in the rear. Ned took in the situation as best he could before they left for Wang's house.

Quong's brother lived in a house made of adobe bricks, plastered rudely together with mud. The roof was made of branches of trees—willows and other shrubbery. The house consisted of one large room. In the center near the wall was a hole in the ground, banked up by the adobe bricks. This was where they cooked. There were no windows, but some light came in through the hole in the top, made

to let the smoke out, and through the open doorway. They had no door, but piled some logs up against the doorway at night.

Ned was introduced to Wang's wife in the quaint Chinese way, and she bashfully shook hands with herself. Ned did the same and Wang seemed overjoyed at seeing him adopt their custom. They had supper in homemade dishes. The children were forced to wait; though the brothers were poor they could not forget their early training. The supper consisted of fish, rice, rice cakes and some figs. After the supper, Ned took all of Wang's children down town and bought them nuts and playthings. The children were profuse in their thanks, which were sincere.

The next day the three conspirators drew up some plans. Quong was to go to Lem Si's house as servant, find out where the chair was, get it if he could and escape, Ned and Wang waiting at the appointed time in the grounds to get the chair and run. It was a bold plan, especially for Quong, who insisted that he should be the one to get the chair. This settled—the next thing to do was to set the time. It was arranged that when Quong should show himself at a certain window, the others were to know that was

the night he would attempt to escape with the chair. They were to take turns watching, as Quong could not know when he would find the chair. He explained this first to Ned in English and then to Wang in Chinese. "You know the chair, don't you?" asked Ned. "Yes, little black chair with ivory tips on arms and legs." After talking a little longer Ned coaxed Quong to tell him a Chinese story, while Wang smoked the new pipe Quong had brought with him. Thus the day passed away in the crowded Chinese hut.

Wang had a garden at his "farm" and Ned gave him some American ideas on the production of sugar-cane, a subject with which he was familiar. The next day he went to see something of the town, while Quong applied for a position as servant in Lem Si's mansion. A large Chinaman, evidently the boss of the servants, came to the door and asked him much he would work for. Five hundred cash a week, sir," said the humble Quong Lee, in Chinese. This seemed to please the boss, so he hired Quong, who began work immediately.

Ned wandered aimlessly about the old city and finally espied an automobile driven by an American. This made him feel at home again for awhile. He

then went out to an old Chinese fort, probably used against revolutionists. When he got back to Wang's house he was very tired. "Has Quong got back yet?" he asked of Wang, gesticulating with his hands to show what he meant. "No," Wang finally replied, "he say no come back—get place." "Yes, I see. All right, we'd better watch now," replied Ned, using his hands again in gesture.

So, accordingly, the next day Ned, arrayed in Chinese costume, hair shaved, false pig-tail, etc., made his way through the crowded streets to the vicinity of Lem Si's mansion. He hung around all day but no sign appeared. Once a Chinaman, who wanted to be congenial said, "Good morning" (though Ned did not understand what he said). Ned's heart almost stopped beating, but he made signs that he was deaf and dumb, and the congenial Chinaman passed on with a sympathetic look. Ned told himself that this was a "close call", so he did not look into anyone's face again. Nothing happened all day, and when Wang came home that night he reported the same thing. Of course, they hardly looked for a sign from Quong so soon, and so the days dragged on. Ned was making no money, so he told Quong one night that he'd better hurry up.

Quong said he would try that night, so Ned went down to an American store and bought a revolver, and now for the first time he realized how foolish he had been to get into a Chinese family feud, but he consoled himself by saying, "I'll not back down now, just at the last moment."

About five o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain, and there were so few people on the street that Ned knew it would be easier to escape from the palace grounds. He took his post, as he had on other nights, and waited. He saw a few twinkling lights in the large house, and rightly guessed that the Mandarin was retiring. Ned walked slowly up and down the dismal Chinese street, listening to the steady patter of the raindrops on the leaves of the trees overhead, now and then returning to his hiding place behind the grounds of the mansion. While Ned is impatiently doing this, let us witness some of the scenes inside the mansion.

Quong did not stay at the mansion all the time. He had a bed in the barn and slept there part of the time. The majority of Chinese servants are lazy and shiftless. Quong took advantage of this and did his work well, so instead of being a common servant, he became one of his Excellency's pages

or body servants. So since his promotion he had had many chances to look wistfully at the stool, for it was not a chair but quite a large footstool. He lifted it once to the Mandarin and found it to be quite heavy. Quong was busy straightening up the room, for his Excellency was to have company—a neighboring Mandarin. About twelve o'clock Quong retired, or pretended to, but he really hid under the Mandarin's bed. All the body-servants retired and Quong went with them to the door, where he stepped behind the door curtain. The sentry or guard came and put out the lights, and as he went out Quong slipped in. The sentry always came back at one o'clock and again at two, and then retired for the night. Quong knew this, and so between one and two o'clock he crept out and picked up the stool, opened a window on to a balcony, where he gave an imitation of an owl hooting. This he repeated twice, when it was answered from the wood. Ned crept up to the balcony, gave a signal and Quong dropped the stool and climbed down after it. Ned caught it deftly and helped Quong down. Then they crept stealthily toward the wood and were almost out when they were challenged in Chinese. "We came the wrong way", whispered Quong. Then

he answered the challenge, "Friends—don't shoot," he added quickly, as he heard the click of a gun. It was so dark you could not see your hand before you, and as they were near a tree, Ned put the stool up into it and swung himself after it just as the sentry came up to Quong. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" asked the sentry in Chinese. "I am Pik Tu and I am deserting," answered Quong. He had changed his name when he went into a servant's office. "Come with me," said the sentry, and Ned was left alone.

As soon as Quong had gone, Ned climbed down and made his way to Wang's house. He reported the evening's adventure to Wang and they immediately buried the stool in the garden to wait till Quong came home, when they planned to dig it up and examine the chart. Having buried the stool they noiselessly entered the house, where they fell upon their mats and were soon asleep.

Poor Quong had a very different time. Upon leaving the tree where Ned was hiding the sentry took Quong to the barn, where he was locked in. The next morning he was taken before Lem Wong Si, the Mandarin. "Why did you want to leave, dog?" asked Lem Si, sleepily. "Because an American said

he give me good job; so I leave late at night." "Oh, these foreigners! Could I but crush them!" said Lem Si to himself, and to Quong, "What kind of a job, traitor?" "On a ship at Pekin." All this conversation was carried on in Chinese and Quong was next asked, "You get good pay—you want to desert——" and to the guards, "Take him to the stocks."

Quong was led away and a large wooden collar was put on his neck. It weighed about twenty-five pounds and kept its occupant in pain and misery continually, whether sitting, standing or lying down. He was next taken with his wooden collar still on to a small place under some trees just off the street, where every passer-by could see him and the other victims in the stocks. He was taken there every morning and back to the barn at night. On his fourth day Ned, now dressed in his own American clothes, saw Quong, and a moment later Quong saw him. Conversation was not allowed by the guards, who, four in number, had large clubs and each a long bolo hanging at his side. Ned knew, as did Quong, that these guards knew their business, and that open escape would be impossible. They exchanged glances and Ned passed on. By his look

Quong had asked Ned if the stool was safe, and Ned had replied, "Yes." Ned went home and told Wang, and they both decided that some stratagem must be used. At two o'clock two of the guards went for the prisoners' dinner, while two remained. This was the hottest part of the day, and as it gets very warm, few people venture out on the streets, and Ned noticed that the two remaining guards became very lazy and sometimes even went to sleep before the others returned. So he and Wang decided that at this time only must they attempt to rescue Quong. Accordingly, the next day, as the two remaining guards were arguing, Ned threw a note saying, "Escape at one o'clock any day. Will whistle for signal." This was written in Chinese by Wang, and was not signed. Quong nodded and Ned moved away. He did not want to appear too often at the same hour, because he might arouse the suspicions of the guards, who, like all their race, are suspicious of white people, whom they believe to be very cunning, dishonest and artful.

Next day Ned timed how long the two guards were gone. The following morning he passed again and gave a long whistle. He noticed that this surprised the passersby and the guards considerably,

so quickly recovering himself he began to whistle a tune, and everybody concluded that he was just a crazy American whistling, and let it pass unnoticed —all but one person, Quong, who knew it was now or never. He decided to run quickly as he could to the river, find a boat, if possible, and escape among the crowd of Chinese junks, punts and scows. Wang was to unloosen Quong's collars while Ned engaged the two guards in conversation. Wang had on two pairs of bloomers or trousers and two caps, so that Quong might change after he was freed and run less chance of being noticed.

The time for the escape was cleverly planned, when two of the guards were away, but even though plans are laid to perfection they sometimes fail. Ned and his friends were not altogether successful, as you will see. Wang released Quong, and while Ned still kept the guards in conversation, Quong changed his clothes and vanished down the street. He was running full speed towards the wood when when—smash! bing! "yeow!" In turning a corner Quong had run into the guards who were returning with the bowls of rice. The hot rice was in a large kettle, and when Quong crashed into the guards they spilled it all over themselves. The last

sound was from the two guards. Quong picked up a large bowl, and hitting one of the Chinamen on the head he started off again. The noise attracted the other guards, who sprang up and ran to the assistance of their companions and helped them to their feet. They were somewhat stunned, and when they at last started in pursuit, Quong had reached the wood. Ned and Wang had vanished. The four guards ran in hot pursuit, arousing other guards and servants on the way.

After hitting the Chinaman, Quong darted off in the direction of the wood and ran as he had never run before, straining every muscle. After entering the wood he decided to climb a tree. He chose a large tree with many limbs and as soon as he had reached the first crotch he looked up, then slipped and fell down. It was all black about him and he realized that he was in a hollow tree and thought how lucky he was; but he had hurt his wrist and hand and they pained him fearfully for awhile. He soon heard the hunting-mad Chinese guards. More had joined their number, and they went about searching through the bushes and looking up into the trees. However, they soon went away and he was left alone.

He tried to climb out, but could not, as he had fallen further than he at first thought, and soon abandoned hope in that direction and began to look and feel about him as best he could. Finally, he sounded the bark and drew out his jack-knife and began cutting his way out. It was slow and tedious work, especially in the dark, cramped hollow of the tree. He cut his hands and often had to stop and rest. He thought he would have to give it up, but at last succeeded in making an opening large enough to force his body through. Night had fallen long before he succeeded in getting out, which was fortunate, for it enabled him to slip away in the darkness without being noticed. He made his way silently through the narrow, quiet streets to Wang's house. Wang and Ned quickly let him in, and they immediately went to bed, because a light might arouse the suspicions of the neighbors.

Next morning Quong told his story in detail, after which they went to the garden and dug up the stool. They took it apart carefully, and upon examining the legs, which were hollow, instead of finding papers or a chart, a little bag fell from each one. They were eagerly picked up and opened and found to contain chunks of gold and silver.

"Well, I'll be busted!" ejaculated Ned, while Quong and Wang looked on in silent amazement. After they had recovered from their astonishment they examined the money. "It is not coin of any country," said Wang, in a somewhat disappointed tone, "just gold and silver". He had expected to get a chart that would lead to where some large treasure was. The coin was weighed and then divided into thirds—each of the three receiving an equal share.

"We must lie low, now, because that Mandarin will try to recover the prisoner and will stop at no expense in doing it," said Ned. "Tomorrow," he continued, "I'll go down to a goldsmith's—is there one?" he asked of Quong, and, as Quong nodded his head, Ned went on, "and get the coin changed to real money. Till then we'd better hide it." The coin was put back into the bags and taken into the house, and two adobe bricks were removed from each end and sidewall in the room and the bags hidden behind them. After seeing that the bags were safe all three breathed more freely.

In the afternoon Ned wrote to his parents and to Mr. Clovis, telling in each letter the story of the Chinese feud and the taking of the chair. This took

him all the afternoon, and when he went to mail the letter he found one from Mr. Clovis, and when he opened it a check for twenty-five dollars fell out. He pocketed the check and read the letter. Mr. Clovis gave him some advice about being careful, and ended by reminding him that a rolling stone gathers no moss. He laughed, and returned to Wang's house. That night, after the usual Chinese fare, they retired early, so as to be ready to be up and get the bags out before any of their farmer neighbors, who rise with the sun, might drop in for a few minutes' conversation or to borrow something. Ned was ready to start for the goldsmith's at an early hour, but stopped to consult with the brothers about changing the coin into money. "Now, you fellows don't want this money in cash, do you?" asked Ned. "Why not, eh?" asked Quong. "Because," answered Ned, "it would take a cart to get it up here and that might excite suspicion, as they know you were working as servant for Lem Wong Si." Quong told his brother, who could not understand all that Ned said, and they both agreed that it would be best to follow Ned's plan and asked him just how he would manage. He said, "I will bring it in American pieces and you can take a piece at a

time to American stores and get your cash." "All right; good luck," they replied, and Ned disappeared around the corner.

He dickered with the smith and finally got just $1368. This he took to the brothers, who were eagerly awaiting his appearance. It was equally divided among the three, giving each one $456.

Ned played with the children and with Toby, who was now with him, that afternoon, and in the evening after supper he told Wang that he was going to leave next day. Wang and Quong both tried to persuade him to stay, but he told them he must be moving. The real reason why Ned wished to leave so soon was because he had had enough of Chinese feuds. He believed the brothers to be in the right, because he had never detected anything about either of them which seemed dishonest or tricky, but Quong had had such a narrow escape that he thought it would be wise for him to leave without further delay. So next morning he bade his true and good Chinese friends good-bye, much to their regret, and taking Toby with him, departed. He got on the river boat and was rowed clear to its mouth in two days—the most monotonous two days Ned had ever spent. If it had not been for Toby Ned would have been very lonesome, indeed.

He grew tired of the Chinese fare on board, and when they touched at quite a large town and Ned saw a few American people here and there, he went ashore, after several minutes of motioning and gesticulating with the captain as to how long the boat would remain at the town. After learning that they would stop about half an hour, he went ashore, found an American store, and bought some crackers and cheese, and finished with a drink of sweet cider. He took some of the cheese and crackers back with him, and made his meals of them during the remainder of the journey.

While he had so much time to himself he began to plan on what he would do next. He finally decided to go to "The Land of the Rising Sun", which is Japan. He had day-dreams, as he lay on the deck or in a chair, idly wishing he might take enough money home so his father would not have to work so hard, and then he would arouse himself and try to find a cool spot out of reach of the sun. The river's mouth was at a town of some importance, being a fair-sized seaport.

Upon landing Ned wandered the streets aimlessly, taking in the sights. Finally his eye espied the sign, "S. S. Princess sails September 1st." He walked

on, looking for the Steamship Company's office, but not finding it, soon returned and marked down the date in a small memorandum book. He found a cheap lodging-house and paid for two days' board, and then began to wonder what he would do next. He counted his money and found he had just $520 in American coin, and some two or three dollars in Chinese. He bought a money belt to wear around his waist, and as most of the money was in greenbacks, he was not hampered by its weight.

Next day he went down to the wharves, and after wandering around for awhile he came to a large steamship—indeed, very large, too large, in fact, he thought, for the amount of work going on about her. He asked a sailor where she was bound for. "Ye ain't goin' to ship, be ye?" asked the old salt. "I might, but I thought you could tell me where she is to sail." "Oh, yes, I'll tell ye," the old sailor said hastily, "we're bound for Indy, Singapore and Italy." "Thank you," answered Ned, "you sail on the first, don't you?" "Yep; say, youngster, did ye ever sail on a ship?" "Oh, on a coaster for awhile, then I was with a circus in the Hawaiian Islands and China." "Uh-huh! but coasters is easy 'side a real oceaner.'" Ned sat down at this point

in the conversation, and the old sailor went on, "Yes, the Princess is a fine ship and I been with her and her Cap'n goin' on a year now, and I been promoted onct, too." "What is your position?" asked Ned. "I am the second assistant bosun; I was before the mast, but the old man liked me, I guess, cuz anyways, I eat in a cabin now." "Well, you're in luck. 'Spose you could get me a position?" At first the bosun's assistant laughed, but when Ned told him he would really like to get a position, he took it seriously and said he'd go aboard and see. "No time like the present," he added, smiling.

While he was gone Ned began to wonder what he would do with Toby in case he got a chance to ship, and finally, just as Barney Clune, the bosun's assistant, came down the gang plank, all smiles, he decided that he would have time to take Toby back and give him to Wang, who he knew would be good to him.

"Well, I got ye a berth, youngster, as Capt'n's boy. You can bring your luggage aboard tomorrer—lessee, this is Wednesday; we sail next Thurday, a little morn'n a week from today," said Barney. "Thank you", answered Ned, "What's the pay?" "Twenty dollars a month; come on deck and he'll

tell ye what ye got to do—and don't mind if he looks a hole clean through ye at first. He's got a good heart, so come on. One thing he's dippy about, and that's punctuality."

Barney led Ned up the gang plank on to a large, clean, well kept deck. Everything was fresh and bright, showing an orderly, well disciplined crew. "Mr. Dorn, this is the boy," said Barney, touching his cap. The captain gave Ned a keen, long look, then with, "Follow me!" in a business like tone, he lead the way to a cabin, on the door of which was a name plate bearing the inscription, "Captain."

"Now," said Captain Barney, "your name is Edward Winter. All right, Ned—I suspect you are called Ned."—Ned nodded—"Your business is to do anything I require—act as porter, make my bed in the morning, dust the chairs and furniture and keep the cabin in order, bring my meals, set my table and run errands about the ship. When you hear this bell ring (he pointed to a gong on the wall), come here. If I am not on the bridge I will be here. "And", continued the captain, "you need not report for duty until Monday or Tuesday and your pay will begin from that date. You will bunk here," he said, showing Ned a small cabin near the captain's.

"I think that is all—I suppose you know that I am to be addressed as 'sir' ". "Yes, sir, I know," answered Ned, as he moved off, examining the ship on his way to the gang plank, where he told Barney that he would see him again Monday or Tuesday.

The next day he took the quaint Chinese train to where he had to connect with the boat, taking Toby with him. He was very sorry to part with his little pet, but was tired of China with its ancient, backward ways. Wang gladly took Toby, as he had been a favorite with the children. Toby licked Ned's hand sadly when they parted at Wang's gate. "Good-bye, Toby, old fellow, good-bye," and he hurried away to suppress a tear, because Toby had been much company to Ned.

Ned dreaded the long, slow journey to the seacoast, but wisely bought a book to read to help the time pass more pleasantly. At length he landed and immediately went to his boarding place, got his luggage and went down to the wharf where the big "Princess" was lying. He put his baggage under his berth and then reported to the captain, and as the other boy had left that day he went to work at once. The captain said nothing, so he thought he could not have made many mistakes.

Next morning he was up bright and early, and went about his duties, which he had finished by nine o'clock. Then he began walking about the ship admiring this point and comparing others with ships he had seen. The engines interested him mostly. He was closely examining some of the parts when a cheery voice at his elbow said, "Interested?" Ned turned around to see a kind-looking man in Assistant Chief Engineer's uniform looking at him. "Yes, I am very much interested," answered Ned. "I was just comparing those piston rods with the ones in a coaster I once sailed on. "In the States?" "Yes, on the Pacific Coast." "Would you like to go into the engine room?" "Yes, sir, very much indeed," answered Ned, politely. "Come on this way," and the Assistant led the way down the steep iron ladder into the engine room. Ned spent quite a while in the engine-room, then went on deck. He spent all the afternoon getting acquainted with the crew and examining the ship.

The "Princess" was a steamer of about 9,000 tons, one of four ships of the Asiatic Steamship Company's liners, running from China and Japan to most ports in Southern Asia and the cities of the Mediterranean. The next morning the passengers

came on board—about one hundred in all, among them a few Chinamen, whom Barney called "bloomin' Chinesers".

About ten o'clock the captain called from the bridge, "Let go your lines!" This was echoed down to officers, who passed it on to the sailors. The big ship swung gracefully into the bay and the propellers churned rhythmically with the throbs of the engine. Ned leaned over the rail and watched the Chinese city fade from view. All at once the captain's bell rang and Ned ran up to the bridge. "Take this note to the chief engineer." Ned took the note, in which he would have read had he opened it, "Can you show speed? Want a flying trip. Captain Dorn." "Tell him, 'yes,' " said Chief Engineer Howell to Ned. Running on such errands as this was about all Ned had to do, besides his cabin duties. He had long talks with Barney, who told him many sailors' yarns and taught him the names of the various parts of the ship.

"Say, did I ever tell you the story of Mike O'Donnel?" asked Barney one moonlight evening, as they were sitting on a large pile of rope in the bow of the ship. "No, I don't believe you ever did; why?" asked Ned, looking up, for he had been

watching the phosphorus in the water. "Well, its an almighty true story, and Mike was from me own blessed Emerald Isle, too. He was a good man, was Mike, but he had an orful temper, and he laid out two captains. He had just come in port from a voyage around the Horn and had landed in New York with eight months' pay in 'is pocket. This he spends in two weeks and is out of a job. As he begins gettin' in pretty bad straits he ships on a cattleman bound for ould London. The boss, Hogan, was the meanest, orneriest critter ye ever seed—so Mike said. Well, the ship was called the "Vincent", and one cold mornin' she steamed past the Goddess of Liberty and into the ocean. Well," chuckled Barney, "Mike found his match in Hogan, who was not only mean but bigger'n Mike, and as Mike had quite a reputation, most of the cattlers looked for a scrap. Mike's job was to water and feed so many steers each mornin' and evenin'. Well, Mike had a whole pile o' spirit, I tell ye, and it made his blood boil to have Hogan order him around like he was a dog. One mornin' the ship gave a big lurch and Mike, who was carryin' two pails of water, slipped and spilled the water all over him. Hogan, who was standin' near, talkin' with a bunch of cattlers who

wanted to curry favor, guffawed loudly and his companions joined in. Hogan made some nasty remark about seein' a kid who could carry two pails the whole length of the ship and not take a bath. Mike got up and walked over to Hogan and said, 'Ye blitherin spalpeen, take thot and thot!' and hit him square in the jaw. This was something Hogan had not looked for. He had expected Mike to say something back and that was all. For a moment he was dazed, but soon recovered himself and ran at Mike like a wild bull, yelling curses and striking out wildly with his arms. Mike had expected this attack and 'e (Barney when excited fell into his brogue) just jumped aside, thin cracked Hogan in the face so hard he knocked 'im down, and afther thot Hogan niver had anything to say to Mike. In fact, Mike about did as he pleased the whole voyage. Now, that's the story of Mike O'Donnell, and I tell ye now, Mike's got a job as second mate on a good whaler goin' from New York to the North Pacific and back, and he got his job all by spirit and you've got to get up early.''

Ned went down the deck and tumbled in, thinking of Barney's description of Hogan and compar-

ing his nature with that of George Drake, the village lawyer, of whom it reminded him. Ned could not figure how George Drake had a good feature, being covetous, mean, unforgiving and of a cowardly spirit. However, he did not dwell long on Mr. Drake's character, but was soon in the Land of Nod.

The next morning was cloudy and cold, and after cleaning up the cabin and serving the captain's breakfast, he went forward where Barney was busy coiling up a huge pile of rope. Barney always tried to impress Ned as being an extra good sailor, and after Ned came in sight he began to coil the rope deftly and quickly, never making a miss, till the rope was all coiled up. Barney looked up then as though he had not seen Ned before, and Ned made no sign to show that he had noticed Barney look up some minutes before. "Mornin', young 'un, how ye feelin'? Now to see how good a sailor ye are, tell me what kind of weather we'll have next twenty-four hours?" Barney always liked to give Ned nautical questions to answer, and to please the old sailor Ned tried to answer them correctly. "Well," answered Ned, slowly, "I should say it might rain a little. It will not be warm all day, which is usual in this part of the world, isn't it, Barney?" "Yes,

'twill—'twill, and I am glad to see ye pick up so; I'll make a sailor of ye yet." "I don't want to be a sailor, Barney. I'll tell you why tonight, if it's your watch; is it?" "Yes, it's mine," said Barney, as he turned to his work, and just at that moment the captain's bell rang and Ned had to go.

He was busy all the afternoon and had no time to spare, but that evening after supper he met Barney going to his watch, which was on the bow. Ned seated himself on a coil of rope, while Barney sat at the extreme bow. "Well, let's have it, young 'un," said Barney. Whereupon Ned told of the mortgage Mr. Drake held on his father's house, and about the stock they held, 2,000 shares. While he was telling about this and mentioned the name of the mining company, a stranger passed, smoking a cigar. He turned quickly, walked back and said, addressing Ned, "I beg your pardon, but did you speak of the Alaskan Gold & Silver Mining Company?" "I did, sir; why?" said Ned, wonderingly. "Why, you spoke of it as though it was not worth much. Do you know it is worth $10 or more a share?" "Why, no, sir; is it really?" asked the perplexed but joyful Ned. "Thank you ever so much." "Would you care to sell any?" asked the stranger, shrewdly.

"Why, I'll see; it isn't mine but my father's. What figure would you pay?" "The prevailing stock exchange price." "Well, my father lives in Idaho and —but where do you land, sir?" asked Ned, suddenly, not finishing his sentence. "I get off at Genoa; that is my home. The boat stops there for a few days; then I am going back to Alaska via the United States and I can go into Idaho, see your father and transact the business." The man gave his name as L. Stomio, and said he was an Italian banker at Genoa. Ned talked awhile longer with Mr. Stomio and then turned in.

It was decided that he would cable from Colombo, Ceylon, to his father to hold the stock, because in the last letter he had received from home, his father had told him that George Drake was bargaining for his stock. Ned said afterwards that it was the longest three days he had ever spent. But all things come to an end, and so did these days of waiting. As soon as he could get leave after the boat reached the dock he went ashore and telegraphed as follows: "Meet man at Boise October 20th about stock. Ned." This having been done Ned felt more than satisfied during the rest of their stay in Colombo.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wily Mr. Drake.

While Ned was dickering at sea with the man who wanted Mr. Winter's stock, Mr. Drake, of Coleville, Idaho was not idle. One morning while Mr. Drake was eating his breakfast a telegram came from a certain party in Alaska. Hastily tearing it open he read, " Drake: Get stock—Rose to $9.50. Burnett." He clapped his hands gleefully and then buried himself in deep thought. That afternoon Mr. Winter came over to pay the quarterly interest on the mortgage. Mr. Drake received him affably, talking all the time of Ned's pluck, while inwardly wishing that young gentleman would be drowned at sea or would in some way meet with an accident that would cause his death,—for personal reasons already known to the reader.

After Mr. Winter had finished with the mortgage matter, he rose to go, but Mr. Drake said, with a bland smile, "Ah, er—you have some mining stock, I believe, in the Alaskan Gold & Silver Mining Company?" "Why, yes," answered Mr. Winter. "Well I thought probably you would like to sell, considering the price of the stock, and," he continued,

in the same purring tone, "I have a party who would like to buy just two thousand shares." What is the price of the stock now?" asked Mr. Winter, cautiously. Between fifteen and twenty cents a share," lied Mr. Drake, evenly. "I'll see, Drake. What does this party offer?" "He offered $500; said he would pay no more. It would be a good thing for you," went on Mr. Drake, "you could pay off most of the mortgage." "I'll see you again about it, George, answered Mr. Winter, thoughtfully. That evening he sat up late, discussing it with Mrs. Winter. Finally they decided to take the stock and go over next morning and close the deal. Mr. Winter wanted to confer with Mr. Clovis, but as it would take money and time, he decided not to.

The following morning he ate his breakfast in nervous haste and started to walk over to Mr. Drake's house. He had hardly got out of the yard, when he was hailed by a shout. Turning, he saw 'Denny' Elder, the village telegraph messenger, coming toward him. "Want me, Denny?" he called. "Yep." Slowly Denny swaggered up and handed Mr. Winter a telegram. Mr. Winter paid Denny, read the telegram and slowly retraced his steps to the house. He went into the house feeling very

much puzzled and handed the telegram—it was Ned's, to his wife. "Mary," he said, after she had read it, "what had we better do about it?" She was evidently puzzled, also, for she said, "Don't sell it, anyway; Ned evidently means something and it won't pay to be rash. He would not telegraph clear from Ceylon for nothing, so let us wait." "But about going to Boise. I've already lost a morning and each morning counts, you know," he replied soberly. "Yes, I know, but I believe I'd go to Boise and see Mr. Clovis and ask his advice, but as Ned did not name or describe the man, how would you find him?" "I expect he will write; anyhow, what made him telegraph?" "Well, you know, I mentioned in the last letter that we'd like to sell it and he took the chance that if I sold it I could get it again."

So Mr. Winter went to see Mr. Drake and told him that he did not care to sell quite yet. "Why not?" asked Mr. Drake, crossly. "I decline to say." "But you said you would," "I did not promise." "So you won't sell?" asked Mr. Drake, finally. "No sir, not now, anyway." Mr. Drake saw that Mr. Winter was determined, so pleaded no

further, and Mr. Winter departed leaving an angry and puzzled man behind him.

Mr. Winter waited patiently for a letter from Ned and finally one morning Kate brought one on which he recognized Ned's handwriting. Hastily tearing it open he read it eagerly. "He says, Mary, to meet Mr. L. Stomio at the Empire Hotel at Boise on the 20th and that the stock is worth about $10.00 a share. Think of it! And to think I came near selling it this morning. I wonder if Drake knows of the price of the stock." All of the family read Ned's letter over and over again, wondering if this good fortune would really come to them.

The days passed slowly by. Mr. Winter had taken a day off to see Mr. Clovis, who decided that he would be at the Hotel Empire on the 20th to help Mr. Winter dispose of his stock. Finally the day came, and Mr. Winter, dressed in his best, boarded the train for Boise. Arriving there he met Mr. Clovis and the two began to watch for Mr. Stomio. Soon they noticed a dark-complexioned man walking among the crowd with a quick, nervous step, apparently looking for someone. Finally he came up to Mr. Winter and said, "I beg pardon, but are you Mistar Wintar?" "Yes, sir, and are you Senor L.

Stomio?'' ''I am; let us get to beesness soon, Senor.'' ''First let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Clovis, a local newspaper editor.'' The introduction was made, with much bowing on the part of Senor Stomio. They adjourned to a private room, a local broker was called on the telephone to find the price of A. G. and S. Mining Co. by telegraph. Soon the returns came. It was quoted at $10.00 a share, so Stomio gave Mr. Winter a check for $20,000, and would not take the stock until he had gone to the bank with Mr. Winter to have the money transferred to Mr. Clovis' bank.

''By jove, Winter, you're in luck. I tell you, you have reason to be proud of that son of yours,'' said Mr. Clovis, as they were standing on the platform waiting for the train. ''And say, Bob,'' he called, as the train began to move, ''get in a cab at Coleville to show our friend Drake that you have to depend on him no more.''

Mr. Winter entered the car and sat down with a deep sigh of relief. On the whole, he thought, this was certainly the best piece of business he had ever accomplished.

One of the passengers who stepped off the six o'clock train at Coleville that evening was Mr.

Robert Winter. Upon alighting from the cab after reaching his house, he saw Mr. George Drake coming down the street. Mr. Drake hailed him with, "Say, Winter, I'll raise my bid to $700 for that stock." "It is sold," Mr. Winter could not help saying. "Sold!" echoed Mr. Drake. "To whom?" "A man in Boise, and if you'll step into the house a moment, I'll settle the mortgage," said Mr. Winter, a trifle coldly. Mr. Drake looked surprised, but said nothing and followed Mr. Winter into the house. The transaction was made and Mr. Drake left the house, chagrined and puzzled.

Mrs. Winter was overjoyed at their good fortune. "After all, Robert, it was not so foolhardy an act as you supposed." "No, it certainly was not, and I tell you, we have something to be thankful for this coming Thanksgiving and I do wish Ned could be with us."

"It never rains but it pours," is an old saying, and this oft-times happens. Two days later Mr. Clovis came down to take dinner with the Winters, and during the meal he offered Mr. Winter a position as reporter on his paper, provided he could pass the examination. Mr. Winter promptly accepted and ar-

ranged to leave his work at the mill and begin to study for the examination at once.

Let us now return to Ned in the far-off land of Ceylon.

CHAPTER IX.

Ned's Last Voyage.

The "Princess' stayed in Colombo a day and a night. The morning of the second day, at four o'clock, ten new men came on, and at five the "Princess" pointed her prow due southwest, bound for the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean ports. Two days later they came in sight of the canal and waited till morning to enter. The next day Ned had very little to do, so he and Barney leaned over the rail and watched the bleak, barren desert. They passed a few ships, one a U. S. gunboat at anchor. The rail was lined with sailors eager to catch a glimpse of Old Glory again. The men from Ceylon and China looked on in dumb contempt, but dared not say a word, for they would have received a good mauling and a cold bath in the waters of the Suez Canal. That night they anchored again, but resumed their cruise next morning, and at noon sailed into the beautiful Mediterranean.

The captain now rang four bells, which meant full speed ahead, as he was a day behind time. They made the run across the sea in a day and a night, and at eight o'clock next morning Ned took the captain's reports to the agent of the Steamship Company at Venice. Ned had little time to look around and got only an hour off. This he promptly put in sightseeing.

Just as the sun sank the loafers on the wharf let go of the "Princess'" cables and she backed into the bay. She made the trip to Genoa in twenty-four hours, where Senor Stomio left them.

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Barney, "there's the 'Trinidad'. She should 'a'gone day before yesterday. Now, I'll bet a sack o' terbaccy she's busted and we'got to take another long cruise." "Don't you want to take another long cruise?" asked Ned. "No, siree," answered Barney, forcibly, "I am dead sick on 'em. That there 'Trinidad', after we're gone 'll just cruise around here and stay in port half the time, while we fight gales and the like." "Oh, well," replied Ned, in a sympathetic tone, though he secretly wished they might start on another long cruise, "maybe they'll have her fixed by the time we've unloaded the cargo." His surmise, however, was in-

correct, for when the "Princess" had unloaded her cargo, the "Trinidad's" engines still refused to work. "I'll bet that captain just fixed her up," grumbled Barney, "so's he could stick aroun' here."

The next morning the order came to get in a cargo of macaroni and dried fruits for the States. L. Stomio had left for England, from there he would go to New York and thence to Boise. It was a long trip, but L. Stomio evidently wanted the stock badly. It took three days to load-in the cargo, and on the first day the supercargo fell overboard and struck a piece of planking. He was saved, but sustained bad bruises and it was impossible for him to go on with his work. As he was a resident of Genoa he was removed to his home and the doctor who was summoned said that he would better not make the cruise.

The captain immediately began to search for another supercargo. Finding none who suited him in the city, he did the rest of the work himself. As he was so busy all day he did not have time to attend to all of his regular duties, and after supper he called Ned into the cabin and asked him to show him a copy of his handwriting. Ned complied. "That's pretty fair; now will you copy these sheets

for me?" Ned answered in the affirmative and began to write. When he was nearly through Captain Dorn suddenly said, "Do you think you could do the supercargo's work? All you would have to do is to keep an account of everything that is loaded on this ship or unloaded." "Yes, sir, I do." "You do, eh? All right, we'll try you tomorrow, and if you don't make good, I don't know what I'll do."

After finishing the sheets Ned left the cabin to find Barney and tell him of his good luck. It is a trait of human nature to want to tell someone else at once if you have a piece of good fortune. "Good fer you, youngster," said Barney warmly, and then proceeded to give Ned some instructions regarding the supercargo's duties.

Next morning Ned, with book and pencil, was on the wharf checking the cargo as it was swung over the ship's side in a huge net, drawn by means of booms and pulleys with a gas engine. All day he sat checking the goods, and toward evening his hand became so tired that he longed for five o'clock to come. That evening he sat up late with Captain Dorn, comparing his book with that of the man who had delivered the cargo. It checked correctly, for Ned had worked hard and conscientiously all

day. "Youngster, you have made good; go to-morrow and get you a supercargo's cap and hunt up another cabin boy." Ned could scarcely conceal his joy, and Barney was almost as glad as though the good fortune had been his own. The next day Ned worked even harder, and the third day was easier, but he worked with a will, for he knew that the captain might keep him as supercargo for the rest of the voyage.

As soon as the last bit of cargo was on board and all passengers likewise, the "Princess" slowly steamed out to sea. As soon as they had left the Suez behind, Captain Dorn rang four bells and the speed was increased. After the Philippines had been passed they proceeded at full speed. On the eleventh day out Ned came on deck as usual. After seeing that the cargo was all right he thought he would find Barney, as it was past mess time. As he neared the bow he heard voices engaged in discussion and soon came in sight of Captain Dorn and three of the men that had shipped at Ceylon. "You let heem loose," cried one angrily. "I'll do nothing of the sort and any more out of you and I'll clap you into the brig." The man evidently saw that the captain meant what he said for he moved off,

followed by his companions. An hour later Ned saw them in a group with the others who had shipped at Ceylon. He counted nine, and surmised that the other one was in the brig. He waited awhile and then decided to go to the captain. "Well, what is it?" asked Captain Dorn. "Well, sir, I don't like to seem to meddle, but those men who shipped at Ceylon are planning mischief." "Why do you think so?" "Just a few moments ago I saw them all talking together in low tones." "Well, Winter, I may as well tell you I had trouble with them this morning. One of them thought he was too fresh and I clapped him into the brig, and we'll keep our eyes peeled for 'em." You will notice that the captain treated Ned with more respect, now that he was supercargo.

Next morning Ned was up earlier than usual, fearing danger from the mutinous sailors. He had not been on deck twenty minutes when he heard loud voices and a pistol shot. Like a flash it came through his mind that the prisoner was in the midship cabin. Hastily running through the passageway he came upon a scene that made his heart stand still. The captain was standing before the cabin door with the first mate. It was still dark, but in

the faint moonlight Ned recognized the mutineers. It was evident that the captain and mate were hedged in, and threatened with death if an alarm was raised again—the captain had already fired the shot Ned had heard. Their plan at first had simply been to get the prisoner out, but now they wanted command of the ship. The prisoner was evidently their leader. His followers wanted to help him, but dared not risk the captain's pistol and the mate's belaying pin. "Men," the captain's voice rang high above the shouts of the mutineers and the oaths of the prisoner inside, "disperse at once; if you do not it will go hard with you. I will give you a fair chance and if you don't take it you will take the consequences." There were low mutterings and growls, which signified that the men did not wish to give up the chance to seize the ship. The leader inside then broke forth again, and Ned quickly decided that if this man got out he would incite the others to more desperate action than they would venture alone, so he hurried around to the back of the cabin, revolving a plan in his mind as he ran. As he rushed down the deck he spied a piece of half-inch rope. "Just the thing!" he muttered to himself. "It's a chance, but I'll try it." He ran back behind the cabin, relieved to hear

the captain still remonstrating. "Lucky there are no ports on the starboard," he thought.

Carefully and quietly he opened a porthole, and saw the prisoner looking through the keyhole of the much battered door. His head was in a fine position to lasso and Ned took careful aim—and let fly the rope. It struck the man on the head and settled down over his shoulders. Ned gave a quick jerk to the rope to pull it taut and then dragged the now helpless man to the side of the cabin, wound the rope quickly around his arms and tied it to a couple of belaying pins. He then ran down the deck in quest of the loyal sailors. Meanwhile the prisoner was yelling to his mates to release him. For a full minute they did not comprehend the new turn of affairs, and this gave Ned time to rout out the sailors. "Follow me, quickly; the captain's in danger," he shouted. The dozen loyal sailors ran after Ned, picking up belaying pins and other weapons on the way. They arrived just in time, for the mutineers had broken into the cabin and were untying their leader. When the captain caught sight of Ned and the sailors he shouted the order, "Seize every one of them, quickly!" This was no easy task, but they immediately attacked the largest bunch. The captain

retired and gagged the leader and then began on the rest. In ten minutes it was over, and the leader and his nine companions were under the forward hatches in irons.

"By jove, Winter, I am indeed grateful to you; that was very clever," said Captain Dorn. "Oh, it was nothing, sir; anyone could have done it," said Ned modestly. "Don't you think it, boy. My, but it makes me mad to think of the dirty swabs trying to steal my ship," answered the captain, angered again at thought of the mutineers. The men were all loud in their praises of Ned, who protested against it, but they did not stop talking about it till the end of the voyage.

There was very little for a time to break the daily monotony of ship life. Once in awhile Ned would go to the hold and spend half a day looking after his cargo. He always went down once a day to look it over. One morning, just as he was starting back up to the deck he heard a muffled groan. Turning around he saw a boy about his age lying between two barrels. "What's the matter here?" asked Ned somewhat sharply. The boy turned a pained face toward Ned. "I am starving to death," he said weakly, "get me something to eat, won't you,

please?'' ''I'll have to take you to the captain. Can you walk?'' ''Yes, I think so.'' The boy arose but before he had taken ten steps fell fainting, overcome by hunger, thirst and exposure. Ned called a sailor and together they carried him to the cabin; then Ned went to report the matter to the captain. ''Well, make him work his way soon as he is well enough.'' Ned took his leave and then went to the galley to get the boy some broth and water. When Ned returned to the cabin the boy had regained consciousness under the care of the sailor. ''How do you feel now?'' asked Ned kindly. ''I feel better, thank you; what are you going to do with me?'' ''As soon as you feel better you will have to work.'' Little by little Ned drew out his story. He learned that he had lived in Portland, Oregon, and had left a good home for a trip to Italy and the Mediterranean. His money gave out and he was compelled to stowaway to keep from starving, as he could not get a job in the crowded city of Genoa. ''I had good parents and if you will let me have a little money when we get ashore—tell the captain I will get up tomorrow and do my share. Let me sleep now and thank you ever so much.''

Ned and the sailor left the cabin. ''Queer sort that—rollin' stone, mostly. I ain't got no use for

stowaways, but he seems a good sort an' I feel kind o' sorry for him." "I am, too, but he don't seem to worry, so we won't."

Next day the new boy, who was about Ned's age and boasted the name of Frank Burnam, came on deck and went to work with a will. He had good clothes, and looked and acted as if his parents might be wealthy. As soon as he was through his work he came over to where Ned was standing, talking to Barney. "Traveled much?" he asked abruptly, addressing Ned. "A little," answered Ned. "Fun ain't it? I've been around the world about three times," said Frank, without a trace of boastfulness.

"Winter," called the captain suddenly from the bridge, "come here a moment, please." Yes, sir," called Ned, as he hastened away. "Here, can you see anything off to the northwest there? Mr. Stockbridge, the mate, says he sees sails, and you know part of my cargo is money—almost twenty thousand dollars in gold, and a lot of Geneva watches. I am rather nervous because Captain Rand told me that in this Ladrone group there are pirates. They have great canoes of the Viking type, travel in hordes and can speak English." Ned took the glasses and trained them on the northwest horizon. "I do see

some sails, sir." "We will prepare for them. I know what they are. Arm the men with rifles and get out the gatling gun."

Ned and the mate hurried away and in an hour were ready for the pirates, for such they proved to be. They had come very close to the ship and were making preparations to board. The captain and his men began firing but the canoes came rapidly and there were soon a great many of the South Sea pirates assembled. "I think we'd better leave—four bells, Mr. Stockbridge," said the captain. The "Princess" shot ahead, leaving behind a large band of disappointed pirates. "Don't they know you can run away from them?" asked Ned. "Yes, but they thought our machinery might be disabled, in which case they would board us and make off with the ship," replied the captain.

Thus the days passed slowly by. Finally one morning the lookout on the crosstrees yelled, "Land Ho!" It proved to be land and the captain said it was the coast of Southern California. "Oh," cried Ned, "we'll soon be home!" "What," asked the amazed captain, "aren't you going back with us?" "No, sir, I've earned my five hundred dollars. Thank you Captain Dorn, but I'm tired of traveling and I have

a position waiting for me with a newspaper in Boise; but we'll always be friends and I want you to visit us."

CHAPTER X.

Conclusion.

Two weeks later, on November 25th, a cab drove up in front of the Winter homestead. It was in the morning and Mrs. Winter and the girls were preparing the big Thanksgiving dinner, which Mr. Clovis was to attend. "I hear wheels; it is Mr. Clovis—he thinks he has to ride in a cab to come to Robert Winter's house, now." "Oh, how you talk, Margaret; go let him in and tell him papa will be down in a minute." Margaret went to the door and started to open it but another hand was on the knob. She waited and in stepped a tall young man, dressed in new clothes from head to foot. "Ned," she cried, "Ned, is it you? Oh, mamma, Kate, Mary, come quick! It's Ned!" Such rejoicing as there was that day! "You've done well, my boy, and there's a place for a boy—or must I say a man, now that you're so large?—on my paper and I am proud of you," said Mr. Clovis, warmly.

After dinner—and oh, such a dinner it was—Ned was made to sit down and tell his story over and over again. Thus we leave them happy and contented, partially due to the efforts of their honest, upright, manly boy.

Afterword.

Two years later the Winters moved to Boise. Captain Dorn visited them often, and on one of his trips brought home Toby, who became a great favorite with the family. Ned is head reporter and his father the city editor of the Boise Times. Mr. Clovis boards with them and next summer he, Ned and Mr. Winter plan to take a trip to China and the Orient.

George Drake's son was teller in his father's bank, but stole $25,000 and got away with it. He has never been heard from since and his father had to make up the deficiency. All this broke down his health and though he is still rich he is a very unhappy man.

This is all, dear reader, so good-bye.

The End.

BOB

CHAPTER I.

Bob was a newsboy on the streets of Baltimore, Maryland, and was a fine looking, manly boy. His father and mother were living but he knew not where. When he was only a year old he was taken from his parents and had lived in the poorhouse up to a year before the opening of this story. He was now thirteen, strong and healthy and loved athletics, but had little time to devote to it.

"Here's yer Times-Herald!" he called. He was industrious, and in an hour his fifty papers were gone.

"Led me a dime, will yer Bob?" asked a ragged little bootblack named Jerry, "Sure; come have breakfast with me."

The boys went into a nearby lunch stand where they had breakfast. Bob had been selling papers for a year and had made his living. He was always ready to do a favor to Jerry when he could, because when he had come in from the poorhouse Jerry had given him enough money to get a stock of papers.

While they were eating their breakfast, two men came in and took seats near them. After ordering their meal they began to talk in low tones. One of the men was a large, muscular giant, fully six feet tall and very broad. The other was about five feet eight and of slighter build. The boys noticed that the large man was addressed as Mr. Jose Capstrano. He was a full blooded Philippino. The other man's name was Billy Melvin.

"I tell you we need One Hundred Dollars and two reliable boys," Melvin was saying. "Yes, yes," said Capstrano, "It's all there, but do you believe that we can get the apparatus for One Hundred Dollars?" "I think so," answered Melvin, "and we have everything but the money and the boys."

All this time the men were so interested in their discussion that they had not noticed the boys. "Hello, boys! Interested?" asked the Philippino, looking up and smiling in a manner that immediately attracted the boys to him. "Well, boys, how would you like to make a nice little pile of money apiece?" he asked. "Fine," said the boys.

"All right, seeing that you have heard most of our conversation, we will tell you all about it. About thirty miles from here is a long, shallow bay

at the mouth of the Nanticoke River. About a quarter of the way up you come to a small bay or cove. In that cove are innumerable oysters. Jose and myself are oyster fishermen. The other day we ran up this bay and fished for oysters and found one containing a pearl worth a hundred dollars. Now, there are a good many such oysters in that cove. We need a hundred dollars to buy a diving apparatus and you boys to help us go down sometimes, and we'll divide the proceeds. Jose and I have the boat and everything else that is needed."

"We're agreed," said both boys. "But there are two things to be considered," said Billy. "First, will your parents be willing?" "We ain't got none," they answered. "And," went on Billy, "How much money have you fellows got?" "Broke," said Jerry. "Twenty-five dollars in the bank and a dollar here," said Bob. "H'm—" came from the Philippino, "What do you boys do?" "Sell papers and black boots." "Well, I have Fifty Dollars and Jose has Twenty—that makes Ninety-five. I vote we all try to rake up what we can and meet here tomorrow. which is Saturday. If we have the money, we'll ship Monday."

CHAPTER II.

What Happened Twelve Years Before.

"What do you think of the boys?" asked Billy, after Bob and Jerry had gone. "They are all right," replied the Philippino, "but there is one danger we must not overlook, and that is Jake and Pete Harson—they are villains, all right, but if we let 'em alone they won't be likely to bother us.

However, the Harsons had no intention of leaving our friends alone; they were planning mischief at that moment. "Wonder if we'll ever see Markel again?" said Pete—"don't seem likely." "He made a pretty pile out of it, didn't he?" said Jake. "What in the world did he do with that guy?" "Took him out to sea in the Eva—that was the last ever seen of him or her.

"H'm," said Jake, "I see. When the rich uncle died this guy gets the fortune and Markel nothing. Markel don't like that, so he gets the S. S. into play. When the guy and his wife and kid disappear, Markel gets the fortune." "Well, we hadn't orter be kicking. You was the poorhouse guy and orter know what become of the kid—ha-ha!" and Pete laughed harshly.

"Say, when did you see Melvin and the dago?" "Yesterday, in Nanticoke Bay, fishin' in Black Rock Cove. They seemed excited, so I watched them and I heard the dago say, "Oh, a fine one for its size!" Then as they were comin' out of the cove, I lit. Must have found a pearl. Now listen,—if Markel should show up now, we'll bring a diving apparatus and get something, if there's anything to get. Listen —someone at the door."

The door was opened and in came Dan Markel himself. "Hello, boys," he said. He was a medium sized man and had keen, sharp eyes and a sneaking expression. After exchanging a few words, the Harsons briefly laid their plan before Markel.

"Suppose it was just a lucky find," said Markel, cautiously—he knew the Harson brothers unscrupulousness. "I guess we ain't fished ten years and don't know a pearl oyster," said Pete.

"Well, when do we start?" "Soon as the divin' apparatus is bought," said Pete. "Then we'll start Tuesday morning."

"Say! No. S. S. in this," exclaimed Pete. "No," answered Markel. "Is the S. S. still alive?" asked Jake. "Sure," returned Markel. "You did a clever piece of work that time—you took care of the kid,

then turned him loose. Where is he now?" "In the city," said Pete.

Pete and Jake had given up the poorhouse three months before and now lived in a little two room house on the bluffs over the Rappahannock River.

"Did you spend the uncle's pile?" asked Jake. "No, sir," replied Markel, "that's in the bank—every cent of it. I've made a good living and a little to lay by since that deal twelve years ago. I guess the old man and woman hailed a ship and got ashore, but they'll never cross my path again."

Markel, when about twenty-two years of age, had asked Miss Martha Holton for her hand. She refused him and married R. E. Darrington a month after. Mr. Darrington's only relative was a rich uncle, who died, leaving the property to his nephew. One night on their way home from the theater the S. S., meaning the Secret Six, had captured the whole family—the father, mother and their year old boy. The father and mother had been taken to a desolate island, about four hundred miles from the coast, given a good supply of ammunition, some provisions and other necessities and the boat sailed away, leaving them alone. The island had an abundance of wild game and fruit. Nothing had

been heard from them since. The boy, Robert, had been taken to the Baltimore Poorhouse, which the Harson Brothers, of the Secret Six, superintended. When the Harson Brothers resigned he was turned out. Let us now return to our hero and his friends.

CHAPTER III.

The Storm.

Saturday morning at ten o'clock our four friends met at the small restaurant. They had just One Hundred and Twenty-two Dollars among them. Each of the boys had put in Ten Dollars and Jose and Billy had sold an extra lantern and anchor from their sloop, Pearl.

Monday dawned cloudy and Jose said he thought he smelled a storm brewing. As soon as they were under way they got out the diving apparatus and Billy said he would go down first. The boat made good headway down the bay and by seven o'clock all was ready. Billy put on the diver's suit, arranged the pumps and went down. Up again and down again he went. All the time the sky was getting black. They had secured about a tub full of oysters when a boat appeared around the point; in it were Dan Markel and the Harson Borthers.

Just then the storm broke, blowing each boat southward rapidly. Suddenly the two boats crashed together and stove a hole in the Harson boat, the lighter of the two.

"You get out of this—what are you trying to do?" roared Dan Markel, drawing a pistol out of his hip pocket and aiming it at Jose, who was steering. Quick as a tiger Jose made a magnificent leap into the other boat before Markel could fire, and wrenching the pistol from his hand, gave him a crushing blow which knocked him over. He then calmly climbed into his own boat as Billy steered it alongside.

CHAPTER IV.

A Great Find.

The storm raged for two days. The first day out the oysters were examined and one pearl was found —an inferior one worth, perhaps, Fifteen Dollars. All the next day they were out in the storm. It had changed its course and was coming from the west driving the Pearl due eastward. About five o'clock in the evening Bob shouted, "Land!" Off to the eastward was an island about ninety miles wide by one hundred and twenty miles long. On it

were many trees and much vegetation. The south end was nearly barren and the trees were all stunted.

"I wonder what caused that?" said Bob. "I don't know, unless it is too rocky down there for vegetation to grow," answered Billy.

That night the Pearl dropped anchor in a small bay on the west shore. The next morning all were up early and going ashore, divided to search for game or fruit, Billy and Bob going south and west, while Jerry and Jose went north and east.

Toward noon Bob and his companion ate their lunch, and seeing a stream close by, went down to get a drink. The water proved to be dirty and black. "Tastes like petroleum," said Bob. "Let's follow it and see where its source is."

Following the stream for about two hundred rods they came upon an oil spring. As they stood looking at the spring, they heard a noise behind them, and turning they saw a man with long beard and long hair, scantily dressed in ragged clothes.

Now let us return to Jerry and his companion. They had walked about three miles when they came upon a hut built of rude logs. In it was a woman. She looked startled when they spoke to her, and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Who are you," she cried. "We are oyster fishermen and we drifted in a storm to this island. Do you live here alone?" "No, my husband is here with me. About twelve or thirteen years ago some rascals took our only son away from us and put us on this awful island. Oh, please take us back—please do!" she wailed.

"We'll try to," said Jose. As he said this he turned and saw coming up the path three men who had not yet observed them.

To return to Billy and Bob—"Well!" the man finally broke the silence, "Who are you?" "We are oyster fishermen and got caught in a storm and landed here." Billy was standing near the bank and as he said this, his footing gave way and he fell into the stream of oil and water. He tried to swim but it was too thick.

"Help!" he shouted, "Help me, Bob!" "Here," said Bob, "Mr. Man, I'll get down and lean over and when Billy comes up you take hold of my feet and we'll try and pull him up."

"All right," responded the man.

"When Billy came up the second time, he was about two paces from Bob. "Give me your hand, Billy," shouted Bob, for Billy was almost drowned.

Billy feebly reached up his hands, Bob and the man pulled simultaneously, and drew Billy out of the spring.

"Come up to my cabin," said the man, "I have a wife there. But what are your names?" "Billy Melvin and Robert—he hasn't any other name." "Ah, I used to have a son named Robert, but some men took him from us and put us on this island; but that is another story."

"Here we are, but what is this row about?" said the man, as he, Billy and Bob came in sight of the cabin in a large clearing in the forest. There stood Markel and the Harson Brothers. The Harsons each had a pistol and Markel a knife, and they had Jose and Jerry covered. They had not yet seen our friends approaching through the forest. Billy and Bob each had a revolver and the man a large, sharp butcher knife. They stole up behind, Billy and Bob covering the Harsons, while the man had his knife within reach of Markel.

"Ha, you scoundrel; Tell me where my son is or I will kill you!" "He is here before you," answered Markel, turning pale and his voice trembling. "I will soon see if you lie—which one?"

Markel pointed to Bob. Going over to him, the

man unbuttoned his shirt. There in small letters were these words, "B. D., Baltimore, Md."

There was great rejoicing and the happy parents were soon ready to return with Bob and his friends. The Harsons and Dan Markel were put on board the Pearl and their boat was towed, and thus the whole party returned to Baltimore, and the guilty trio were turned over to the authorities. The trial came off two weeks later and Bob's father, Mr. Darrington, got back his fortune. Dan Markel was given ten years in the penitentiary and the Harson Brothers each five.

Billy and Robert, now Bob Darrington, did not forget Black Rock Cove and the oil spring on Dandy Island. Two weeks later, with Jerry and Jose, they again went fishing in Black Rock Cove. This they continued doing till the oysters got scarce. Then Mr. Darrington put up some money and the four formed an Oil and Pearl Company.

Conclusion.

If you should go down the main street in Baltimore today, you would see a large sign reading:

DARRINGTON & COLE
OIL MERCHANTS.

THE PRIZE FIGHTER

CHAPTER I.

The First Fight.

The Kid sold papers down by the corner of Finnegan's saloon. One morning a red-headed newsboy came and told him that Abe Iverstein, the Jew, had made his brother cry by a rap on the ear. "I'll find dat guy and fix him!" he shouted. His backers and Abe's went behind Finnegan's saloon and Finnegan himself came out. Finnegan had been a third-rate pugilist some years back and he attended all the fights over at the Club.

All the kids in the neighborhood came to see it—the kid and Abe had long been rivals. Finnegan, after much coaxing, finally agreed to referee. They did not shake hands and agreed on a finish fight—no rest till one or the other quit.

For about five minutes they watched each other like cats. Abe was plainly scared. He was a good boxer and Finnegan knew it. That was some help, but as he glanced at his own thin arms and then

at the Kid's strong ones, he had some misgivings as to the outcome.

The Kid started and—in the language of the street—he put both of Abe's lamps out and had the claret coming from his opponent's mouth and nose. He knocked Abe down five times, then Abey quit. Finnegan gave the victory to the Kid. They shook hands and the fight was over.

The next day it became known that Finnegan was going to train the Kid, who was to challenge the winner of the fight at the club next month.

CHAPTER II.

His Ring Debut.

The fight came off. There was a tall, red-headed individual standing in the lighted ring beside the Featherweight of East St. Louis. He meets five picked men of this city. If any one of the five whips him, the winner gets $20 and the championship, provided he fights the remaining men to defend his title. With this he jumped through the ring and was cheered.

The first man walked into the ring and was put to sleep by one punch. The next man was the Kid. They took him into the dressing room and dressed

him in a pair of green tights and an old coat, and Kid Collins walked into the ring.

"Next victim, Chimmy!" yelled a gallery patron. He stood in the corner of the roped ring and the lights and the crowd dazed him. He walked for- but he knew all the best professionals. He got a job at a vaudeville theater in St. Louis at $50 a week.

He next got a match with one Billy Ryan, the Champion of the Central States. The fight was for ward, shook hands, and the second fight in the Kid's career had begun. They maneuvered a moment, then something hit him in the nose. He was knocked down and a man was bending over him. He heard him say, "Seven,"—he looked at Finnegan who was saying, "Get up! Get up!" He did get up and now he was mad. "He would fix that red-headed slob!" He had got on his feet just at nine, and now he was fighting like a tiger. He was covered with blood, but what did he care? Was not his little brother without a hat and shoes and coat? He needed the $20 and he'd have it. He whipped the red-headed Champion and two more; the other one backed out. They lifted the Kid to their shoulders and carried him to the dressing room.

CHAPTER III.

He Wins All the Way.

The Kid and his manager, Finnegan, went to Jefferson City to get a match with Dan Creedon, the Champion of Missouri. It was arranged and this time the Kid was to get $300, win, lose or draw. He was now a professional Prize Fighter.

He beat Creedon, then went to St. Louis. He was becoming popular now—of course he was still poor, twenty-five rounds. The Kid beat Ryan, and then fought Pat O'Hara. He now had about $1000 in the bank. He sent $5 a week to Mrs. Flannagan, a washerwoman in East St. Louis, who had been kind to him when he was a newsboy, and he began to indulge in wine suppers every night.

Pat O'Hara was a 'has been', and the Kid just barely won. Finnegan noticed this and spoke to him about it. The Kid only laughed. He sat up late nights and continued to indulge in wine suppers while training for a fight, and after losing a couple of battles, he and his manager went to the mountains for a month. When he returned he went to New York and challenged the Champion Bantamweight of America, one Frankie Sullivan, of Brooklyn.

CHAPTER IV.

He Wins and Loses.

The match was an important one for Kid Collins and he knew it. As Champion Bantamweight of the Central States, he demanded a bonus of 60 by 30 of the gate receipts and $2000 guaranteed, and he got it. Sullivan demanded $3000 and got it as Champion of America. The fight was a fierce one from start to finish. It lasted twenty-two rounds, then with a right upper cut to the nose and a clever duck the Kid was victor. He had trained well and won.

For eight weeks he made $500 a week at a theater, then began to indulge in high living. His muscles grew flabby and he neglected his training. He was challenged by a Western lad. He was to get $20,000, win, lose or draw. He was not in good condition, but as he looked at the well trimmed muscles of his opponent, he sneered.

There were thousands of dollars put up on this match and the Kid had all he owned except $5 up on it. In the second round he went down and stayed down. The once brilliant career of Kid Collins was at its end. Next time he went to Finnegan's old

saloon and asked for a beer on credit. He was kicked out. Then he went back to New York.

CHAPTER V.

Conclusion.

Two old bachelor cronies were walking through the graveyard in New York and they came to the Potter's Field.

"There," said one, "is where the once famous Kid Collins lies." This was the inscription on a rough slab:

Here lies
KID COLLINS
Once Champion Bantamweight of America.

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